

The Elks

Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1937



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pleasure*



Chesterfield



LIGGETT & MYERS



A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER

DEAR BROTHERS:

I have just concluded a nation-wide tour which included nineteen conferences with your District Deputies.

In every section of the country I saw evidences of increased enthusiasm and Lodge activity, and I returned home more firmly convinced than ever before that America needs this Order of Elks.

To meet this growing civic responsibility we must increase our membership. *We need young men!*

We have the gift of self-perpetuation. We can live for ages if we have the will to do so, but we can do this only by inducting into our ranks a definite number from the million young men who reach maturity every year in this country.

I call your attention to a clause in Section 161 of our Grand Lodge Statutes which reads:

"... a subordinate Lodge may by By-Law fix the initiation fee for an applicant making application prior to his twenty-sixth birthday at not less than Ten Dollars (\$10)."

I am asking every one of our fourteen hundred Lodges to initiate a class of at least ten men within this age group the first meeting night in January.

If every officer and member will do his share, we will initiate 20,000 virile young Americans on this occasion.

We need them. Let's get them.

Fraternally yours,

Chas Spencer Hart

Grand Exalted Ruler.



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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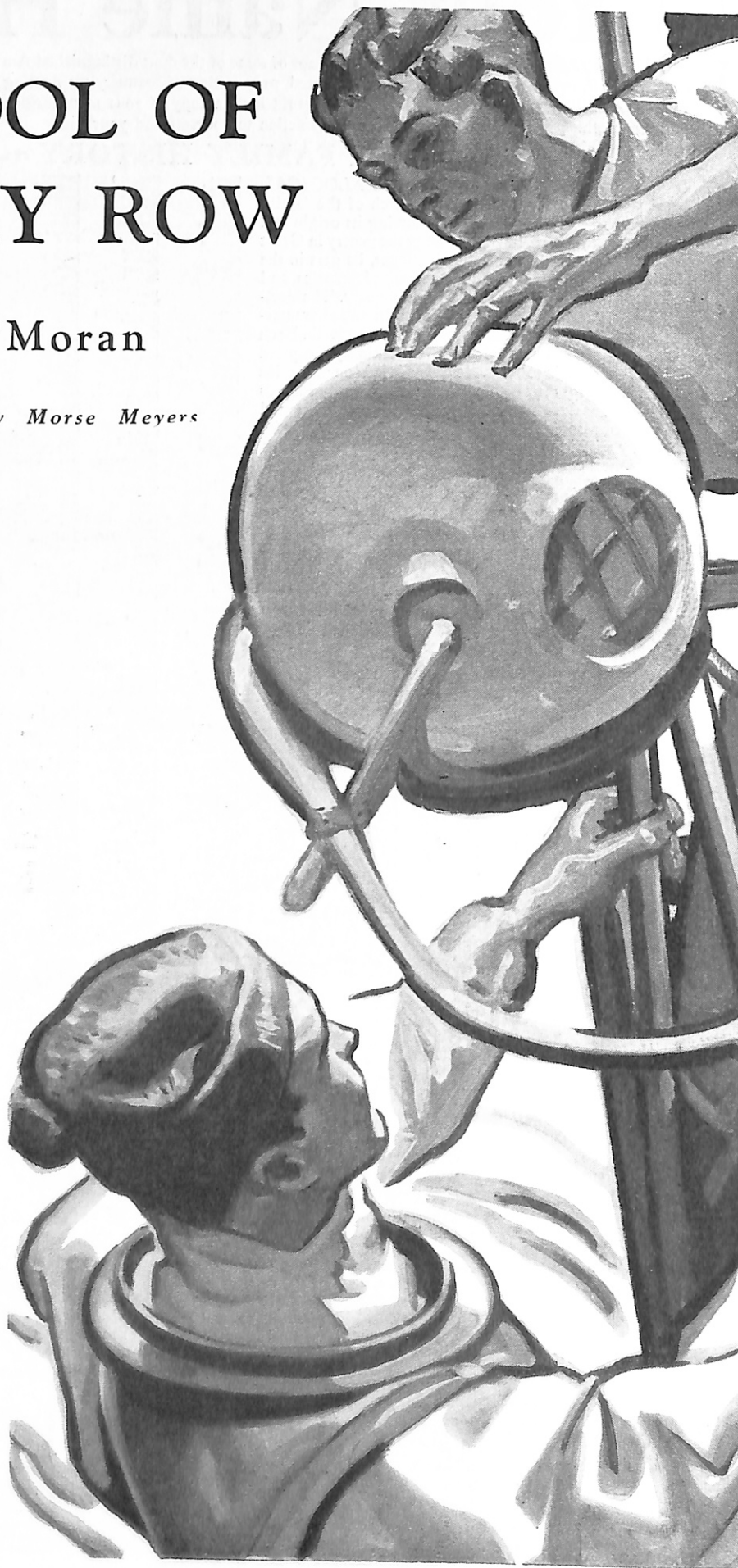
THE FOOL OF CANNERY ROW

by M. O'Moran

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

WHEN the fishing industry came to Monterey it brought many non-assimilative elements with it. Cannery Row became a city within a city subject to no laws but its own, and like the sinuous tentacles of the octopus its overflow writhed into far sections of the Peninsula. But wherever it went it remained Cannery Row by virtue of its smell. The smell of the fish fertilizer. It got under the skin and stayed there. It was in the theatres, the shops, the hotels. It was carried on the south wind, and when the wind veered round to the north, it was carried on the north wind. The east wind blew it out to sea, and the west wind brought it back again. It lingered in women's hair, and it flavored their cigarettes. It clung to men's clothing, and seeped into their business letters. But always it was at its richest and best in Cannery Row itself.

Dr. Arthur Pallen blinked in the strong sunlight on Cannery Row and looked for Wong's Quick Lunch. Dressed in slacks and sweater, he was unmistakably an outsider in that part of Monterey. He was straight and slender where resident men were thick and muscular; he was blond and fair-skinned on a street given over to Sicilians, Japanese, Mexicans, Filipinos; and where a sharp squint meets every demand for focus he wore thick-lensed spectacles that slightly magnified his luminous blue eyes. But in one particular he met the requirements of his surroundings—he was as impervious to the smell of the fish fertilizer as one of its own stockholders. For five years he had done experiments and research at the Marine Station, which is as close to Cannery Row on the west side as the old Customs House is on the east side. And while a sharp frown on his face marked a decided disturbance on this particular afternoon, it





Gar was helped over the side onto the ladder and stood there while his belt and helmet were adjusted

was not the smell that disturbed him.

The long narrow street lined by cannery sheds that extended out over the water was deserted save for the few battered cars that drooped wherever a parking place could be found. The hum of turbines and the belch of smoke from the chimney stacks were indications that the cannery workers were all inside the buildings, and that the night's catch of fish had been heavy. Dr. Pallen paused for a moment by a small open space where a half-built boat stood on the stocks, and stared out at the seagulls screaming over the offal that covered the blue waters of Monterey bay. Whatever he saw there only intensified his frown, and when he turned into Wong's Quick Lunch he looked like a man who needed a good stiff drink more than a meal. However, he asked for neither the one nor the other. He picked out a table, clammy with the greasy vapors that filled the small room, and sat down. A full view of the cooking operations and a blonde slattern at the sink cast him into the deepest depression. Mechanically Wong Kee threw an abalone steak on the stove, and a sallow, wall-eyed

Eurasian wiped off the table with a dirty towel, and placed a glass of water before him.

"I'm waiting for Gar Langard, the deep-sea diver," explained Arthur Pallen. The Eurasian nodded, and returned with another glass of water. And Wong Kee threw another abalone steak on the stove. Arthur looked at the water distrustfully. He pulled a microscope out of his pocket, and then became so absorbed in what he saw in the glass that only Gar Langard's heavy slap on the shoulder recalled him to his surroundings.

"Doctor Pallen, maybe?" said a deep voice.

Arthur had never met nor seen the diver before, and if he had heard of him during his five years at the Marine Station he had forgotten it. The impact on his shoulder was a blow, possibly a bruise, but it was also an assurance of the stamina and stockiness of the diver, something that was very necessary to Dr. Arthur Pallen at the moment, and Gar's smile when he looked up at him convinced him that the battery had been with the very best intentions.

"So you are Gar Langard!" cried Arthur. "Why didn't you come to the Marine Station?" He returned the microscope to his pocket. "When I rang up your house they said you would meet me here. Why? The Station would have been a quieter, a better place to talk."

"Not for me," said Gar. "I like to eat when I talk. Wong here makes a garlic sauce like they have down at Pop Ernst's. I showed him that. Twenty-five cents here, and a dollar at Pop Ernst's." He laughed heartily, and his powerful arm shot out and nudged Arthur in the ribs. The fact that he had just met him in no way affected Gar's friendliness. Whatever was warm-blooded and above water was kin to him, and all his leisure time was given over to human contacts, as if the cold gaps left in his life by the eternities of loneliness underseas must be filled up before he could make another descent. And Dr. Arthur Pallen, with no gaps in his life whatsoever, took these overtures in the same spirit that he took the abalone steak and the apple pie—he shuddered physically, but refused to let them defeat him.

"You know, of course," said Arthur, "what happened to me this morning?"

"Nothing, I guess. You look all right," observed Gar, emptying the pepper sauce bottle over a sliced tomato.

"Everything," groaned Arthur. "It was terrible. It was inexplicable. Five years' work swept away in five seconds. I thought everybody had heard of it by this time. I have become the laughing stock of the Marine Station—I'll be known as the fool of Cannery Row. Unless you help me. But of course you will. You *must* help me. Let me tell you so you can understand the full importance of it, not only to me but to every fisherman and packer on the Row. Are you listening?"

"Okay—but go easy, professor. Remember I got no dictionary with me." Gar settled back in his chair and called for another cup of coffee.

"It is a matter of locating the schools of sardine," said Arthur. He fixed his eyes on a solitary cockroach picking an uneven course across the grimy floor. It kept him from seeing the blonde at the sink. "I have worked on it for five years. Wherever there are schools of sardines there are heavy emanations of bromines and iodines. I have perfected an instrument with an asbestos diaphragm disposed horizontally between two electrode chambers. The anode of carbon at the bottom—"

"Wait a minute, professor." Gar drained his coffee and waved the

empty cup at the Eurasian for a refilling. "Now start again—at the beginning."

"Well," said Arthur, "you know potassium permanganate in alkaline solution oxidizes potassium iodide to potassium iodate—oh, damn it, there are two enclosed chambers connected by a long cord, and they electrically measure the quantity of these iodides and bromides. I let one box down into the water, and hold on to the other. If there are sardines below, the box or chamber in my hand registers the fact. Is that clear?"

"That's a great idea," cried Gar heartily. "Why a boat could fish daylight with that."

"Yes," said Arthur. "That's the whole reason for it. Fishing is done now by the archaic methods of fifty centuries ago. In practically all cases sardine schools are located by luminescence. This involves a colossal loss of time and capital. Not only are the fishermen limited to night work on moonless nights, but the distance traveled in cruising for fish is also a considerable factor in the costs of production."

"You're telling me," said Gar.

"My instrument will shift the industry to a daytime occupation, always cheaper than night work. The catches can be planned in advance, the cruising practically eliminated, and the moon as a factor completely wiped out."

"More money for the packers," nodded Gar.

"And less uncertainty and better working conditions for the fishermen."

"And you tried it out this morning and lost it?" guessed Gar.

"Exactly."

"Why did you do that? Didn't it work out like you wanted it to?"

"It was so precisely what I had intended it to be that I became somewhat delirious with excitement and—let it slip through my hands."

"Were you alone?"

"If I only had been! I had Dr. Calder, the Director of the Marine Station; Captain Rastick of the Fish and Game, and two packers with me—Mr. Leo Raffid and Mr. Samuel Stand."

"The two kings of Cannery Row," stated Gar.

"We went out in Captain Rastick's launch. We took a fishing smack along. I chose a spot by the bell buoy, let the instrument down—and lost it! But the extraordinary thing about it was that before it slipped from me it registered sardines—it marked a tremendous density. So far it was a success, a marvelous success. I then had them cast the nets. And the nets came up empty!"

"It was no good," decided Gar. "Better let it lie where it is."

"No," said Arthur. "It worked perfectly. Beyond all my expectations. But I must find out why it registered sardines when there weren't any. Why did the nets come

up empty? I must recover the instrument to find that out."

"You mean you want me to dive for it?" concluded Gar.

"This afternoon," said Arthur.

"It's two o'clock now. None too early. But I could do it at that. I would have to find my boys—you know it is pretty deep off the bell buoy?"

"How deep?"

"That I can't just say. The sea floor is different from the land. You know, on shore you stand in a certain spot and look around. There is a tree and a few bushes and maybe a little rise. Then you go another fifty yards and it's not the same. Maybe a rock, and no trees and bushes. But you can still see the place you left. Now under water it's different. Your one little spot is closed in by a heavy wall of water. You can't see through it. You don't know what's fifty feet away from you. It might be a cliff—there's cliffs underseas as sharp as any above—it might be a stretch of dead clay. You can't see sometimes what's twenty-five feet ahead of you. And when you first go down you can't see at all—not till you get used to the bit of light that sifts down from above. You got to stand still or feel around before you find out where you are."

"I see. You are suggesting you might not find it," said Arthur. "Of

*"I was lucky," said Gar simply.
"It was cuddled down on a rock.
All I had to do was pick it up"*



course I understand that."

"I've never failed yet to find what I went for," asserted Gar. "Unless it's sanded in. If I go down for it I know what I'm there for."

"But you will go down for it?"

"It will cost you fifty dollars an hour."

"It would be worth it."

"It might take days to find it."

"It took me five years to perfect it. No cost is comparable to that."

"Okay, professor. Meet me at the Carmel cannery at three o'clock—an hour from now. I'll have my crew and my gear ready. And in that hour's time you got to remember the exact spot it went down. Because it's you that's paying for it." He wrung Arthur's hand in a stinging grip, and in three great strides was out of the door.

The diving boat left at three o'clock. Gar had the precision of all

seamen regarding time. His crew consisted of four men. Except for Ivan Orlands they were all young men, ruddy and clean-limbed, disciplined by army training at the Monterey Presidio, and now in line for deep-sea diving. But Ivan was a veteran diver of the Alaska salmon areas, who had been incapacitated for underseas work by caisson disease.

Ten yards inside the bell buoy Arthur signalled them to stop.

"It should be about here," he said. "Yes, about here. It is strange that with the density of sardines that my instrument recorded at this place there should be no birds fishing. But possibly the fish are running deep."

"Or gone by this time," supplemented Ivan.

"Okay," said Gar. Ever since entering the boat he had sat silent and apart. He spared his words now as if they were part of the strength which he must conserve to withstand the rigors of submersion. As his helpers proceeded to dress him, his eyes clung to their faces in wordless affection. But he seemed to have forgotten that Arthur was there.

"Is there anything I can do?" asked Arthur.

Ivan raised his prematurely lined face (due to his once having had the bends) from the shoes he was fastening on the diver.

"You can quit worrying," he said.

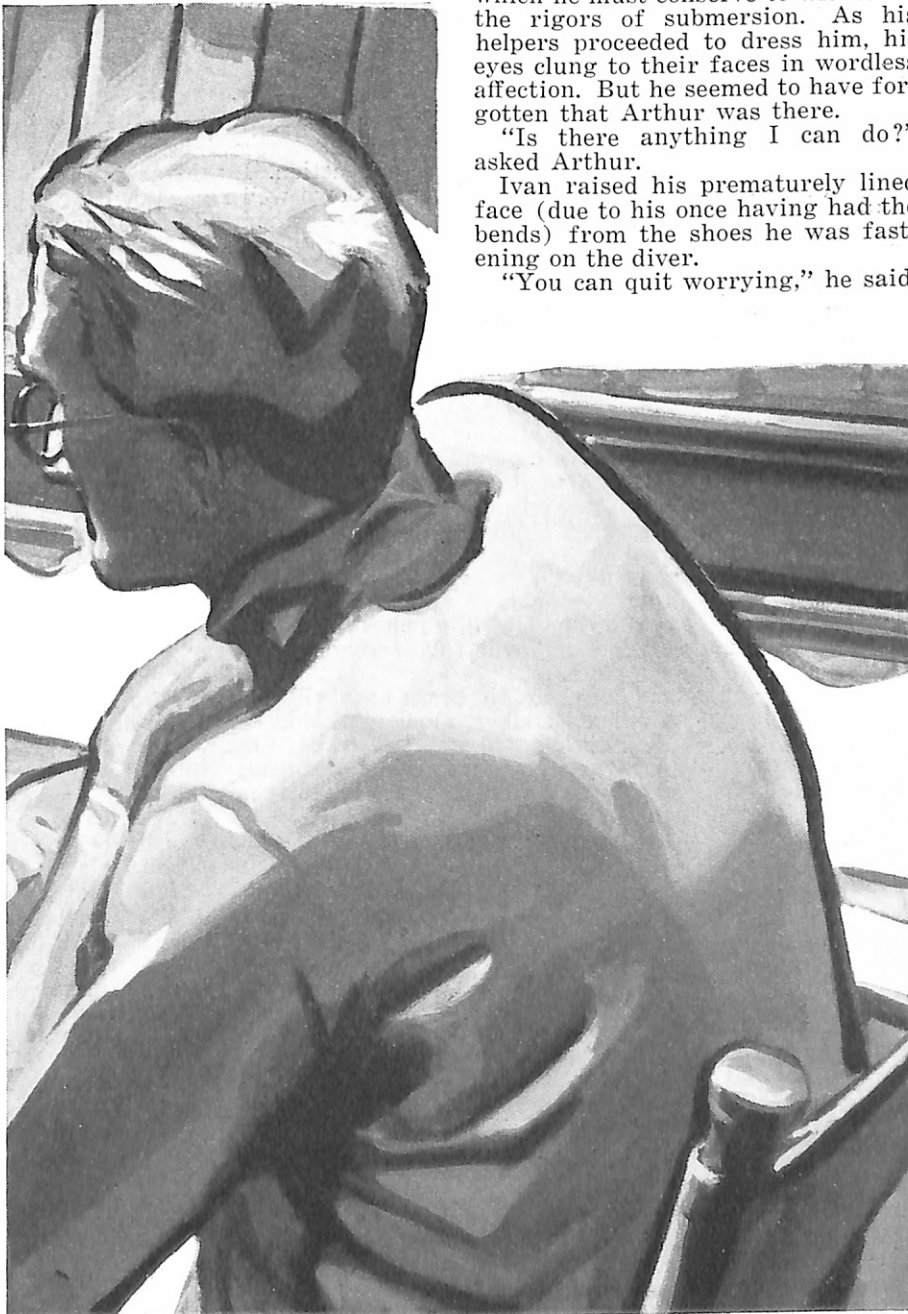
"He wouldn't go down if he didn't think he could find it. It isn't just the money that sends a diver underseas. It's something else. It's knowing he can do something that no one else can do, and then proving it. That's why he likes it. Of course he has to have money though. Look at these boots—thirty dollars a pair. Suit, breast-plate, belt, helmet—there's over a total of two hundred pounds. That costs money, to say nothing of the rest of the gear and the boat and the crew." Ivan finished the boot and straightened up. Alec already had the breast-plate over Gar's head. He pulled up the collar and smoothed the bib. Then with Alec on one side of him, and Ivan on the other, Gar was helped over the side onto the ladder, and stood there while his belt and helmet were adjusted.

"Okay." Gar's voice rushed up from the depths of the helmet just before Ivan fastened it down. Ivan tapped the bolted helmet, the signal for submersion, and Gar descended the ladder. Ivan watched him anxiously, and as the water closed over him and the bubbles began to come up like silver pellets against the side of the boat, he said to Arthur, "He might not come up again." His voice was as ominous as his eyes. "Or he might come up paralyzed, or collapsed like a flat tire so he'd have to be dug out of his gear. Or rammed by a big fish. You never know what's going to happen down there. There's a submarine trough leading up from the continental shelf about here, and it's a highway for whatever swims down in the abyss. And take it from me, professor, there's things down there that's never been seen by mortal man—there's creatures much too powerful for the little contraptions we lower to catch them. Aye, the diver never knows what he's in for in these waters. They're the richest feeding grounds in the world. And a diver's as good food as any of them what swims below. He's gone now"—he fed out the life line slowly, allowing no slack at any time—"but it's only him what knows what he's gone into. There's things I've seen myself that's beyond believing. I never try to tell him. They'd get me a good laugh, and nothing more. But if he comes up at all," he finished, "he'll have your invention with him. That's Gar."

Arthur looked considerably disturbed by these confidences, and stared down into the water. It lay chill and murky. Oil, scum, refuse from the canneries floated on the surface. Whatever lay below could be seen, as Ivan had said, only by the diver.

Gar descended with a knife in his belt and a modern submarine lamp in his hand. He wore no gloves, depending on the warm rush of his own circulation to free him from the cumbersome diving gloves. The light from above was thin and insufficient,

(Continued on page 40)





By William Chamberlain

A Serpent Shall Bite Him

Illustrated by Frederic Widlicka

THE war game was on again and we sat with our searchlights in the pineapple fields atop Oahu hills and waited for the enemy raiders. It had rained earlier in the night and the darkness was full of the damp smell of things growing; scattered lights winked out slowly, miles below, as Honolulu went to bed.

Smoky Davis, first sergeant of artillery, came into the command post and rolled a cigaret and squatted down by the switchboard. An old man with patches of grey at his temples and a whimsical quality about him which did not hint at the wars which he had looked upon. The light of the shielded match flared against his lips and then he tossed away the burned stick and looked at me through tobacco smoke while he made himself comfortable with his back against the switchboard. Smoky Davis was a man of privilege in the P. C.

"Corporal Bender come in a little bit ago, Lutenant," he said casually. "He tells me that th' Kipapa Gulch platoon is all upset. Th' rain made a little river out of th' gulch an' their telephones is messed up more than somewhat. Yesterday I told First Sergeant Gullion of 'A' Battery that it would be so—an' he laughed at me. He ain't laughin' now!"

"Tch! Tch!" I said. All of the regiment knew of the feud which First Sergeant Gullion of "A" Battery and First Sergeant Smoky Davis of "E" Battery had waged for ten years. Its start was obscure but its prosecution was enthusiastic on the part of both.

Smoky Davis was going on in a thoughtful voice, "I come along th' gulch yesterday afternoon an' the 'A' Battery GMC was stringin' wire along th' gulch bottom. First Sergeant Gullion was there an' I said to him polite, 'Punkinhead, put your wires in th' tops of them *Kiawe* trees where th' water won't get at 'em if it should come on to rain. A recruit should know *that*!' He was some heated in his remarks.

"Tush," he said, or words to that effect. 'You get th' hell out of here, First Sergeant Davis, an' I will run this outfit in th' way which suits me best!'

"An' a fine way *that* is, First Sergeant Gullion," I told him with dignity an' I went away from there. Now he's fishin' for his telephone wires in five feet of muddy water, Lutenant."

Smoky Davis was speaking of the outfit on our flank—"A", a rival and despised battery. There had been frantic messages earlier in the evening and I knew that that outfit now lay with its communication lines a tangled mass and its command post an uproar while wiring parties worked feverishly to repair the damage before it was too late—an almost hopeless task.

Communications are the life blood of war games and woe betide that luckless outfit whose lines are out when the "Old Man" calls for action. I said as much and looked comfortably at our own well rigged switchboard where young Silewski sat with the head phones over his ears.

Smoky Davis sucked at his cigaret and squinted at the night which showed through the open flap of the command post tent. The clouds were beginning to break away and there was a faint glow above the crests of the Koolau range which hinted at a moon later on.

"Along about four o'clock there will be an alert," Smoky Davis announced out of his knowledge of war games. "Battalion P. C. will ring 'A' Battery to see is everything okay. 'A' Battery does not answer. Then th' trouble starts, Lutenant. Tomorrow th' brass hats will come out here all upset an' they will find that First Sergeant Gullion laid them wires in th' gulch against positive orders to th' contrary—section nine, paragraph seventeen, Standing Orders, sayin' in part, quote: 'Due to th' danger of floods, etcetera, communication lines will not be laid in gulches but will be strung along high ground an' will follow roads whenever possible.' End of quote.

"Then, sir, th' brass hats will take off First Sergeant Gullion's stripes, along with his skin as well, an' will tack both to th' well known barn door. An', when *they* get through, Mrs. First Sergeant Gullion will take what's left of her spouse, so to speak, an' will complete th' job."

"Amen," I murmured and had it in me to feel sorry for that luckless man across Kipapa Gulch.

Smoky Davis went on thoughtfully, "I ain't exactly what you might call a church goin' man, Lutenant, but there's a passage out of th' Scriptures that sticks in my mind considerable." He quoted: "He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; an' whosoever breaketh through a wall, a serpent shall bite him."

"You refer to First Sergeant Gullion, no doubt," I suggested.

"Nope. I was thinkin' of a feller called Pete that I knew some years ago," Smoky told me. I was not disconcerted at the change of subject—I had soldiered with Smoky Davis for two years now. "I knew this Pete well, Lutenant. Silewski, what's th' hour?"

Young Silewski squinted at the watch which lay on the desk of the switchboard in the dull, red glow of the battle lamp. He said, "Quarter tuh two, Sarge. Don't get worried—I'm keepin' my eye on the time," and went back to reading his magazine.

A little wind had come up to rustle the tent and brush,



cool and good, across our faces. Most of the lights had gone out in Honolulu now, but along Waikiki they still made cheerful beads of yellow; Diamond Head was a velvety cone beyond. I lighted a cigaret and settled myself where I could reach my telephone handily—war game nights last a long time and Smoky Davis knew how to tell a story well.

"This Pete was a good soldier," Smoky Davis said musingly. "Spoony as a new dollar an' well set up—a handsome pup, too. He had a way with th' ladies that was somethin' fierce. He got along all right in th' outfit, too, but he had a streak of meanness in him. I knew him right well, Lootenant."

"It wouldn't have been *First Sergeant Gullion*?" I asked facetiously.

Smoky Davis squinted at me, his face noncommittal, while he made himself a fresh cigaret. He didn't answer my question and I let it go.

"This was in th' Philippines, you understand, Lootenant. We was stationed down at th' *Cuartel* in Manila—later I transferred to th' artillery. The infantry's all right but there's a lot of this puttin' one foot ahead of th' other with a pack on your back an', somehow, I didn't seem to cotton to it much," Smoky said. He stopped to fumble for a match and I tossed him my box. He nodded his thanks and presently his cigaret was alight and he allowed it to droop from the corner of his mouth while he stared through the smoke.

"There was another young fellow in th' outfit. We'll call him Dusty for th' purposes of this narration—that bein' one of his names among other things an' a good enough name at that. He was a slim young fellow, quiet an' a good soldier, too. Didn't drink an' didn't gamble. Th' only vice he had, so far as I can recollect, was a redheaded gal in Manila that he was plannin' to marry. She was a school teacher come out from th' States an', Lootenant, sir, she *was* a looker. I ain't ever seen anything to touch her!"

Young Silewski stirred himself from his reading to say, "Yuh ain't seen that new waitress at th' Green Dragon Cafe down on Waikiki, have yuh, Sarge? Pretty baby, pretty baby. . . ."

"Son," Smoky Davis interrupted, "you tend to that switchboard an' whatever wild west story it is that you're readin' an' don't disturb your elders. As I was sayin', Lootenant, this gal was enough to start various brands of strife an' upheaval an' I reckon you can guess what happened."

"Maybe this Pete. . . .?"

Smoky Davis nodded. "In person. One day he goes down town with Dusty on pass an' Dusty introduces him to this gal—Bridget her name was an', like it, she was Irish to th' core. Well, this Pete was interested right away an' he put th' old come-hither on her plenty right from the start. I reckon she was nothin' loath, as they say—maybe I mentioned that this Pete was a handsome devil."

"You did," I murmured. "Twice."

"No matter. Well, Dusty took it kind of quiet but it seems as though he was in love with th' gal an' it pained him considerable to see her steppin' out to th' Santa Anna an' Tom's Dirty Kitchen with this ape, Pete. Howsoever, he didn't do much of anything about it, but went on drinkin' no tanglefoot an' bettin' on no cards an' savin' up his nickels toward th' time when he an' Bridget was goin' to prance down the aisle with the organ playin' th' hymn of hate which is peculiar to such sad gatherin's. Then one day, three—four months later—th' blow-off comes.

"Dusty is in th' squadroom on a Saturday afternoon slickin' down his hair careful with some nasty smellin' stuff which th' barber has give him when this Pete comes through. He stops by Dusty's bunk. He is wearin' his hat on th' back of his hair an' there is trouble in his eye.

"'Prettyin' yourself all up, ain't you?' he says. 'Ummmm. Don't we smell nice!' An' he sticks his thumb an' forefinger together underneath his chin an' does

She turns them high voltage eyes of hers on him until this Pete is like to burn himself up with the desire of her

a little Maypole dance. It was highly insultin'.

"Dusty don't say anything, but goes on polishin' his cowlick in front of th' mirror. There's maybe a half a dozen of th' outfit scattered about th' squadroom an' they sit up an' begin to pay some attention.

"Steppin' out with Bridget, maybe?" this Pete goes on very contemptuous.

"Dusty lays down his hairbrush careful with th' handle pointin' to th' front as required by regulations. Without wishin' to sound prejudiced I might remark here that this Dusty was a good soldier."

I murmured, "Go on. Don't mind me."

Smoky Davis grinned obliquely through the smoke of his cigaret and slapped at a mosquito which buzzed about his ear.

"Well, anyway, Dusty lays down his hairbrush an' ambles out to th' aisle where this Pete is standin'. He says slow, 'Bridget an' I are goin' to th' aquarium this afternoon to look at th' fishes. You have not got any objection, have you?'"

"This Pete grins an' talks real soft.

"'You go look at th' fishes all you like, feller, bein' careful that they don't put *you* in a tank with a card on th' front of you. It just so happens that Bridget is

goin' on a picnic out to Cavite with *me* this afternoon!'"

"Well, Dusty stands there for a minute lookin' about as happy as a pinch hitter with third strike called on him. You see, sir, he'd had experience with this Pete an' knew that he didn't make any idle conversation. He gets his voice then an' says,

"Two weeks ago she promised me. I am a patient an' endurin' man but this I will not stand for!' An' he swings one at this Pete from th' floor.

"Well, it didn't last long. Dusty was a good boy, but inexperienced, an' this Pete hit him twice where he was accustomed to put th' mess sergeant's beans, an' twice on th' nose an' then stretched him comfortable on his bunk with a one-two to th' button. This Pete picks up his hat, then, an' sticks it back on th' back of his head an' dusts off his hands with satisfaction.

"Blondy Waddell, who is in th' squadroom, says reproachful, 'Me, I don't think that you had ought to have done that, Pete. Maybe you have hurt th' poor fellow. What you do it for anyway?'"

"Necessary," this Pete tells him brief. 'The Cavite date didn't hold unless this mug don't show up to go to th' aquarium.'

"Blondy an' the rest sit around with their mouths



open then while this Pete goes on out of th' squadroom whistlin'. Yeah, I figure there must have been a streak of mean in him some place."

The switchboard buzzed faintly and one of the drops clicked down. Young Silewski pushed his magazine away and stabbed with a red plug and said, "C. P. first platoon, 'E' Battery." He listened to the voices which droned at him across ten miles of field wire and then grunted, "Okay," and noted the time in his log with a chewed pencil.

Over his shoulder he said, "Observation posts all reported okay on two A.M. check. Everything quiet," and went back to his magazine. Mosquitos buzzed about the dim flicker of the battle lamp.

Smoky Davis nodded and scrubbed his cigaret out against the tent pole. Shadows danced up and down across the good humored lines of his mouth as he settled himself into a more comfortable position.

"Two o'clock," he repeated. "First Sergeant Gullion has got about two hours of grace left, I figure."

"First Sergeant Gullion's troubles weigh you down, don't they?" I asked him.

Smoky Davis grinned at me and pitched his cigaret end out into the moonlight. For a moment he sat there,

looking at nothing in particular, and then went on.

"Well, things sort of went from bad to worse from that time on. While Bridget didn't exactly hand Dusty th' mitten—still she was often seen attendin' some of th' functions of th' Manila younger set with this Pete, as th' newspapers would say. Th' outfit didn't like it—they was for Dusty to a man—but there are some things in which a man does not meddle as *you* know, sir. Women troubles is one of them. Then boxin' season came along."

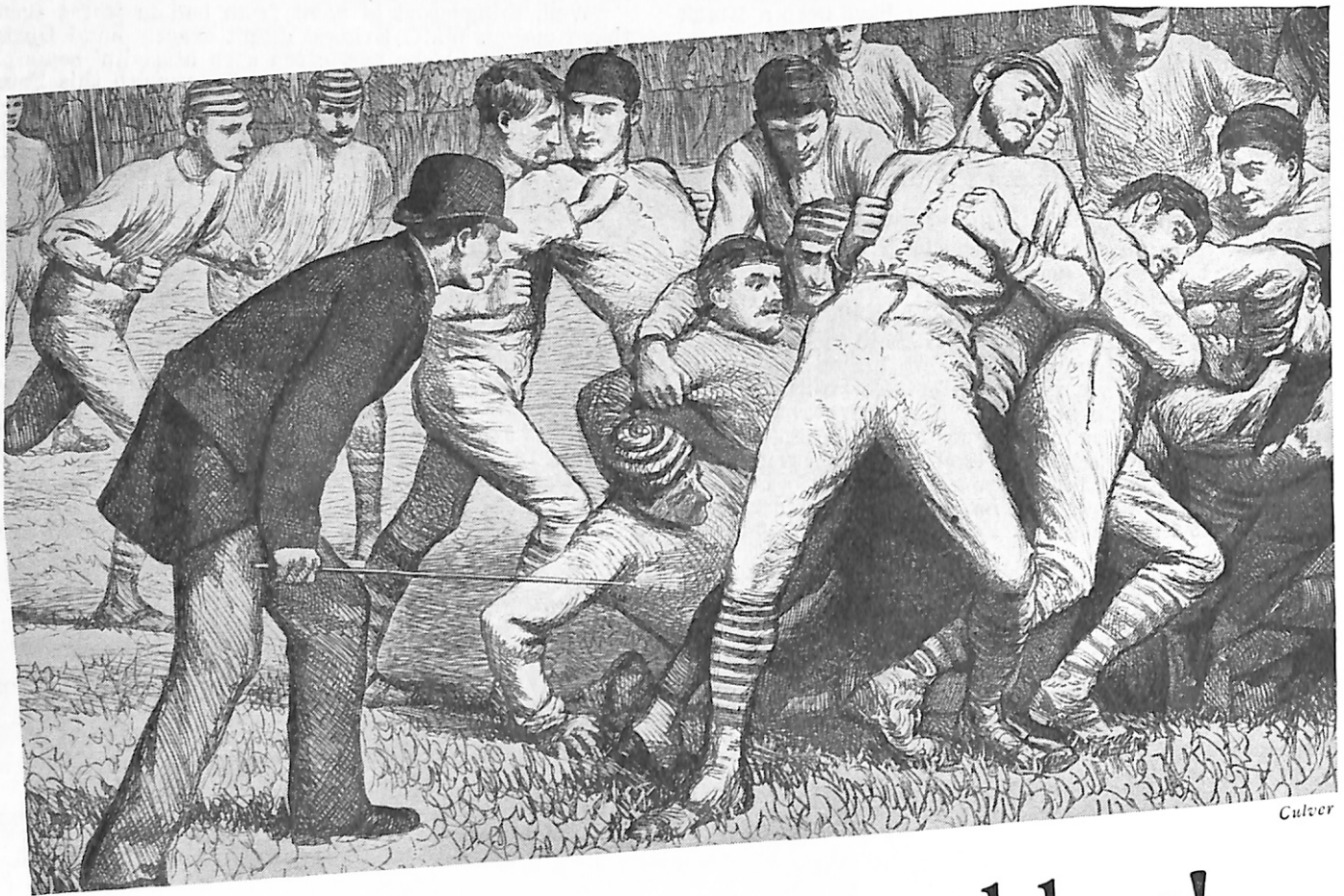
Smoky reached for papers and his cloth sack of tobacco again; sat there holding them between his fingers. A man smokes a lot when he's sitting on a hill top and waiting for four in the morning to come.

"They took their boxin' seriously in Manila in them days," Smoky said thoughtfully. "About like it is here in th' Islands, Lutenant. There was company teams an' regimental teams an' then, in th' end, th' artillery came over from Corregidor an' we fought with th' gunners for th' championship of th' Philippines. Good fights, too, an' few—if any—holds barred. Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems as though soldiers was tougher in them days."

Young Silewski said, "If (Continued on page 37)

Dusty hits this Pete on the chin and knocks him across a row of seats an' out in th' aisle where he lays an' listens to th' birdies sing for some minutes





... the referee's a robber!

by Myron M. Stearns

IMAGINE getting a chance to watch the biggest football games from right out there on the field where the play's going on, and being paid to do it! That's the soft snap—or is it?—that football officials get.

Certainly they get chances to see a lot of things that the rest of us, sitting half a mile up in the stands, miss. For example:

The Yale-Dartmouth jinx that kept Dartmouth from ever beating Yale until 1935 was talked about all over the country. Again and again Dartmouth would come down to New Haven, unconquered and seemingly unconquerable, pile up a lead—and then lose the game. In 1929, here's how the officials saw the famous jinx in actual operation.

The game is nearing its close, with Dartmouth leading 14 to 10. Fourth down, four yards to go, deep in Yale territory. Al Marsters, Dartmouth's All-American quarterback, is out of the game, and Tony Longnecker, substitute quarter, is running the team. Spectators see Dartmouth go into position for a placement kick. Good! A try for goal. But it's a fake. It's a pass! And it goes straight into

the arms of Ellis, Yale halfback! Away goes the old ball game. Final score: Yale 16, Dartmouth 14.

How the papers panned poor Longnecker, sub quarter, for what almost everybody regarded as a bonehead play! Tony never got over it. Until his death in an automobile accident a few years later, he blamed himself bitterly for losing that game with Yale.

But wait a minute. Syd Hazleton, Dartmouth Frosh coach, watched the first part of that game from the stands. Between halves he went into the Dartmouth dressing-room. He had noticed something.

"If you get in a jam and want to throw a pass," he told the quarterbacks, "here's the layout. Yale's right half is playing five yards out of position. Pass into his territory."

In the excitement of the second half Marsters forgot the suggestion. But Longnecker, honor student as well as field general, didn't. He checked what Hazleton had said. No doubt about it, Ellis was playing wide.

Then, out comes Marsters and in goes Tony. Fourth down, four yards

to go, within striking distance of goal. An ideal spot for the pass he is saving. The fake kick is smart football—except for the jinx.

Kneeling to receive the ball as if for placement, Tony catches it and rises to pass, all in one motion. His receiver is in the clear; it looks like a score. But just as he heaves the old pumpkin—Al Maginnes, one of the officials of the game, saw this himself and got the rest of the story afterwards—Tony's foot slips and the ball sails five yards wide, directly to Ellis, who races for a Yale touchdown.

Ever see a "Cross-eyed Chinaman" pass? When to fool the defense the passer looks straight at one receiver while he's getting ready to pass to another in an entirely different direction? From the stands it's hard to see, but to the umpire or referee, right there on the field, it's written in big print.

Don't overlook this, though: Syd Hazleton, sitting in the crowd, saw that Ellis was playing out of position, just as you or I might have seen it.

"Give-aways", or "pointers", that



Left: In the early days of the game the referee wore ordinary business clothes, preferably old, because they might never be wearable again

Below: Few football spectators realize that Walter Eckersall, popular referee in the Middle West, was one of the greatest quarterbacks at Chicago, of all time



Below: In the Navy-Notre Dame game last year the head linesman heard Notre Dame's quarterback exclaim, "Here's 40,000 people watching us, and we ain't going nowhere!"

telegraph the coming play can often be seen from the stands, even from poor seats. Football scouts, by the way, usually prefer end seats, behind the goal posts, or high up on the stands at about the 20-yard line. From merely watching the players, most officials—particularly umpires—can usually tell exactly what the next play will be—left end run, pass, kick, or plunge off tackle.

After the surprising upset in which little Center College of Kentucky beat Harvard at Cambridge, 6 to 0, Bo Macmillan, quarterback of the "Praying Colonels", came up to the umpire, William Crowley.

"Mister Crowley," he said, "Ah want to ask you a question. Howevah did you know every time Ah was going to cah'y the ball?"

"That's a fair question," Crowley answered. "Every time your signal is called you look immediately at the place you're going to run."

No wonder Macmillan's "give-away" eyes widened in surprise.

"What's more," Crowley went on, "whenever the ball goes to Covington" (Center's right halfback) "he always paws himself a little starting hole with his right foot. He never paws that way unless he's going to carry the ball."

"We'll have to stop doing that," Bo said.

"Now let me ask you a question," said Crowley. "How did you know I could tell where the ball was going?"

"You always stood yo-self out of mah way," Bo answered.

Many players lick their fingertips, as a baseball player does, just before they are going to receive the ball. This is a favorite habit with forward-passers, and hard to break.

A few officials try not to notice "give-aways". One prominent Pacific Coast referee, Herb Dana, is quoted as saying, "I don't know what the next play is going to be when I am officiating, and I don't want to." But he is an exception.

Most officials come to know the styles of play followed by the teams of different coaches. They know they can expect intricate reverse plays from teams coached by Pop Warner, now at Temple. They know how much emphasis Lou Little of Columbia places on "spinners", with the receiving back whirling to slip the ball to a team-mate for a right end run on one play, a left end run the next, and, with the same motion,

Pictures, Inc.



for a plunge straight into the line the next. When it comes to a sequence of plays—one of the most fascinating of all problems for football-wise spectators—they know that Little's teams will gamble a play or two with small prospect of gain in order to draw their opponents out of position for a big gain immediately afterwards. And on the other hand they know that Dr. Mal Stevens, of New York University, and "Ducky" Pond at Yale, like to see their teams make a gain on every play.

Try your own hand at telling what play is going to come next!

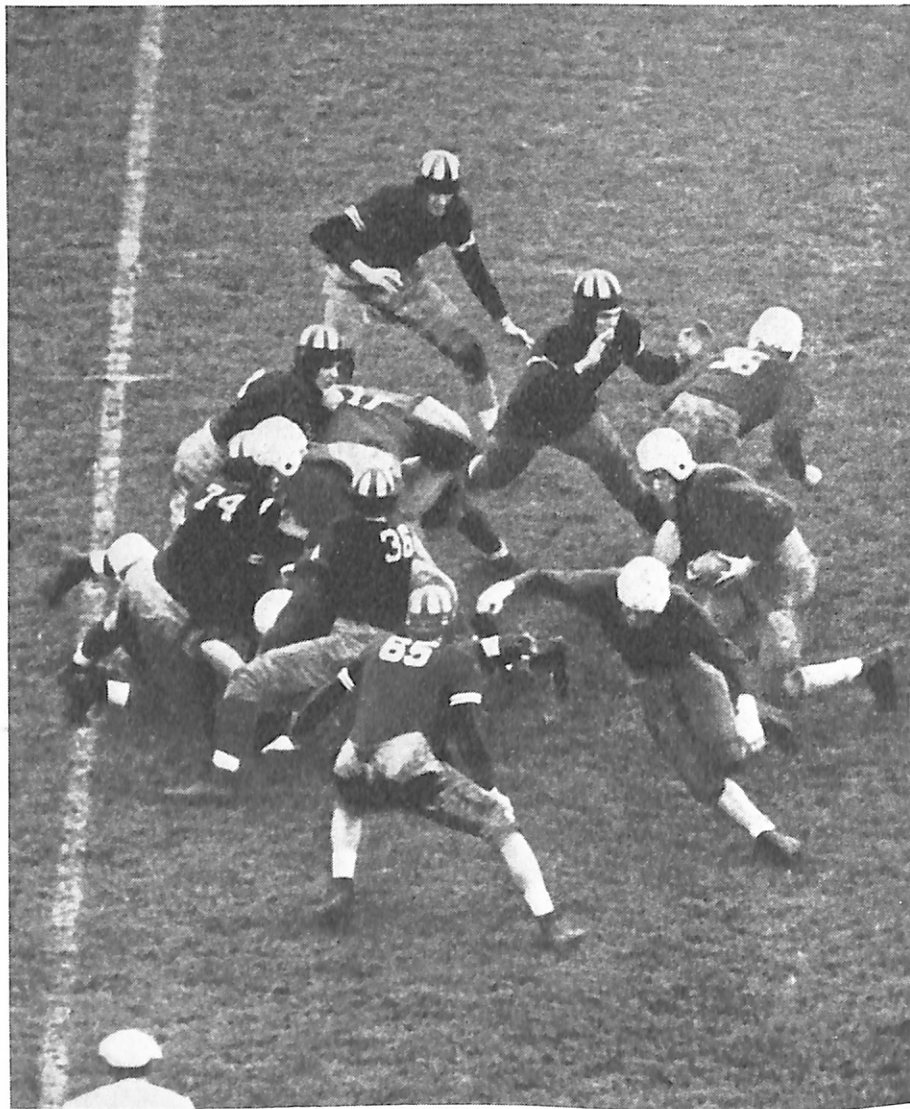
Hearing is often as interesting as seeing. Some players, and some teams, do a lot of talking. Alabama has the reputation of keeping up a running fire of small talk and encouragement all through the game.

During the pre-season game between the professional Giants and an Eastern All-Star eleven this fall for the New York Tribune Fresh Air Fund, Tom Thorpe was referee and Crowley, umpire. Larry Kelley, Yale's famous pass receiver who graduated last June, took the first passes he had ever received in a game from Mickey Kobrosky of Trinity. Since Kobrosky played only for a small college, few people realized, during his undergraduate years, that he is one of the greatest passers the game has ever known. But when in the All-Star contest he rifled one of his bullet passes to Kelley, the officials could distinctly hear that great receiver, as the ball took him in the ribs, say "Ow!"—and drop it!

Kelley has quite a reputation as a wise-cracker. When Crowley was refereeing a Yale game during Kelley's sophomore year, four substitutes were sent into the game in quick succession. Crowley headed three of the players, for whom they were coming in, toward the sidelines. The fourth reported that he was substituting for Wright—a player about Kelley's size. Kelley being also a new man at the time, Crowley walked up to him and asked him if he were Wright.

"Mister," Kelley said, "a Kelley is always right!"

Dynamite is packed every so often into some players' remarks. In 1926 Brown University had an undefeated team that came to be called "The Iron Men" because the same eleven players went all through nearly every game on the schedule. Yale, anxious to avenge the 1926 set-back from a small institution, was primed for Brown the following year. The Providence outfit held up gamely through the first half, but then crumbled before Yale's superior strength and took a bad beating. With the score standing 19 to 0 in favor of Yale, time was taken out late in the second half for the exhausted but still desperately fighting Brown eleven. Suddenly one of the Yale linemen cupped his hands to his mouth and called out, "Will all



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the Iron Men present please raise their right hands!"

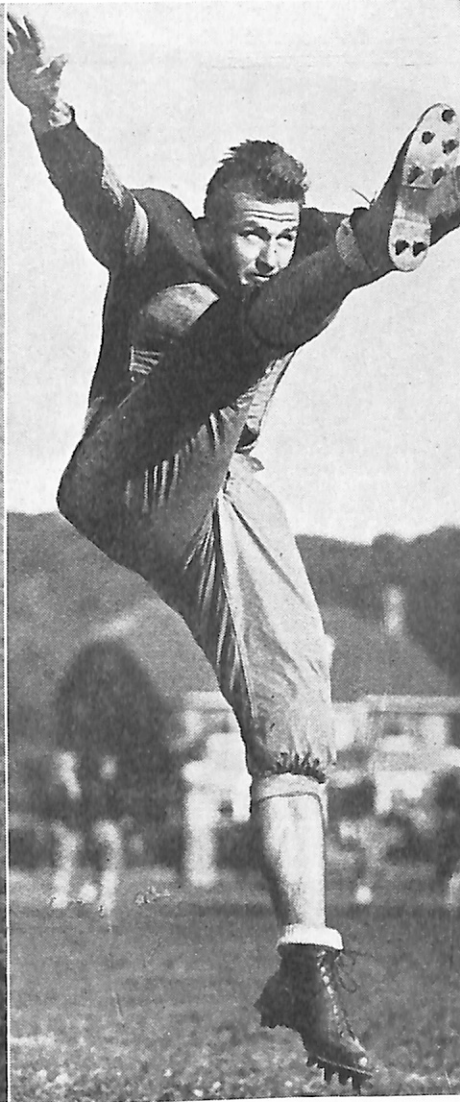
It would have taken little more to start a free-for-all. The referee, who often has to be a judge of good manners and sportsmanship as well as football, stepped in with an immediate reprimand, and the game went on.

A lot of talk goes on in huddles. In the Navy-Notre Dame game last year, with the score 0 to 0 and the stands gay with flags and uniforms (more dignitaries watch Navy games and Army games than any others) the head linesman heard Notre

Above: Albie Booth, of Yale, victim of one of the old rulings, shown with Coach Mal Stevens

Dame's quarterback, with all college grammar knocked out of him by the struggle, exclaim as the team bunched, "Here's forty thousand people watching us, and we ain't going nowhere!"

Then they started for town. Down on the field officials see evidence of the terrible tension that grips players in the final minutes before a big game actually starts.



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Above: Al Marsters was injured in the same manner Albie Roth was when he was trying to make a little extra distance

Above, left: The Yale-Dartmouth jinx that kept Dartmouth from ever beating Yale until 1935 was talked about all over the country. The picture was taken during the first quarter of the 1935 game

Left: Ray Barbuti, playing in the backfield at Syracuse, became an Olympic champion, one of the world's greatest quarter milers



Harry Von Kershberg, former Harvard tackle and a referee of many years' standing, recalls his own sensations before the game in which he was to play against a great Yale player, Shevlin.

"I felt fine when I was getting into my uniform," he says. "I was singing. Everybody else was nervous; they couldn't understand why I felt that way. But when I came out onto the field and heard all those thousands of people yelling, I just went cold all over. My mouth went dry and I could hardly walk. I was helpless until I got into action."

Like every good football official, Von Kershberg never forgets that players coming on the field—even substitutes who get into the game later—may be as tormented, as fever-struck and unnaturally paralyzed, as he was.

Officials tell a story of Herb Fleishacker, big Stanford quarterback of a few years ago. Given instructions from the coach before entering his first big game as a substitute, he remembered dimly that the rules forbid speaking to any team-mate until a play has been run. So he dashed up to the referee and shouted,

"Fleishacker coming in for Smith! Try thirty-eight and if it doesn't work, pass!"

Over-confidence is harder to detect than nervousness. But it is even more deadly. In the Rose Bowl game between Stanford and Columbia in 1935 it was particularly in evidence.

"The Stanford boys weren't tense enough," one of the officials told me in describing the game. "They didn't strain enough. They were too sure they were going to win. It's surprising how hard it is for a team to throw off a condition like that. When the realization of what they're actually up against finally sinks in, you can see the change. When it's too late, or almost too late, they begin trying *too* hard. They get panicky, and make mistakes they wouldn't make at other times. They can't get good team work. From having too much confidence they flop over into not having enough. Well, you could see that happen to Stanford against Columbia at Pasadena."

Again and again, in the East, that very thing happens in the traditional rivalries of the "Big Three"—Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Nowhere in intercollegiate football is the odds-on favorite more likely to take a licking than among those teams.

Looking down at the green turf of a football field from the steep, crowded sides of a great stadium, the officials can be seen at a glance. They are readily distinguishable from the dark, moleskin-clad warriors because of their white uniforms or (in the West) by their white pants and striped shirts.

Four officials are required in every game. The referee stands usually just behind the offense. He is in full charge of the game, noting the positions of the players, awarding the ball, inflicting whatever penalties are necessary, applying the rules and settling disputes.

The umpire takes his place behind the defense. He watches particularly for holding, clipping and other irregularities of line play. (Games are usually won or lost in the line. Watch to see which team gets the jump on its opponent!)

The field judge is usually well down the field watching the handling of the ball on punts and long passes, checking on interference and open-field tackling. He is responsible also for boundary-line decisions on his side of the field.

The head linesman keeps track of the downs and distance gained, notes off-side play and is responsible for his boundary line.

Any official reports any important rule-violation that he notices—unnecessary roughness, for example—whether or not it lies in his particular province. But the referee inflicts the penalty.

The development of a distinctive uniform for officials came about slowly. When the game was still young—America's first game of inter-col-

(Continued on page 45)



GG-73

Above, Warner Brothers augment their output of costume films with "The Great Garrick," a comedy busying itself with that 18th Century actor's conquest of Paris. Brian Aherne is convincing as David Garrick and looks like a straight million bucks in the costumes he wears. Miss Olivia de Havilland, fresh and lovely as Mr. Aherne's love interest, provides a more than adequate reason for his ardor.



Above is Frank Lawton, the young English actor, familiar to film-goers, who appears on Broadway in "French Without Tears," a frivolous and amusing comedy of life in a French tutoring school. Everything is very gay and British indeed. Mr. Lawton does not spare the charm, but he gets away with it, as Englishmen so often do.



Burgess Meredith, America's outstanding young actor, and Maxwell Anderson, our most fluent playwright, again collaborate on a notable stage creation, this time with the assistance of Lillian Gish in "Star Wagon" (left). Mr. Meredith, as a scientist, concerns himself with a complicated bit of mechanism, which, if monkeyed with properly, turns back time to any desired date. This alarming device permits Mr. Meredith to yank time (and Miss Gish) back thirty-five years, thus proving to his own satisfaction that a man should marry for love. It's not a new idea, but it still gathers the customers.

Right is Sylvia Sidney, who, rather surprisingly, turned up on Broadway in a Theatre Guild production, "To Quito and Back." Miss Sidney is pretty much a stock character here, in a part which practically any pretty young actress could have played, but the play comes to life and fairly sings every second that Joseph Buloff, as a fiery little South American revolutionary, is on stage. He makes the play a provocative and timely work.

Below is Shirley Temple, with Jean Hersholt and Delmar Watson as they appear in "Heidi," a film which permits Miss Temple to hop about nimbly, shedding sweetness and light wherever she goes. There is a tear or two to be found, however, and a scene in which Miss Temple (in powdered wig and petticoats) does a hot little minuet. Jean Hersholt is lovable.

Below, right: In "Nothing Sacred" Carole Lombard and Fredric March cut up didoes and enjoy hangovers while Walter Connolly deplores their conduct. Miss Lombard and Mr. March are charming, and Mr. Connolly is a solid gold actor.



Above: José Ferrer, Claudia Morgan, Myron McCormick and Dennie More as they appeared in the Allan Scott comedy, "In Clover."

Above, right: Olivia de Havilland (quite busy these days) puts the bee on Leslie Howard in "It's Love I'm After." Mr. Howard herein gets a chance to exhibit his talents as a farce comedian, a style of acting to which we have not become accustomed so far as Howard is concerned. In the role of a very stagy stage actor beleaguered by women (Miss de Havilland and Miss Bette Davis) Mr. Howard goes to town. Miss Davis is the gal who gets him as her just deserts in the end.



A LIEUTENANT of detectives meets a lot of queer folks. For an hour I'd been explaining to a washed-out blonde that cops have a few routine duties and that we couldn't turn out the entire force to comb the city for her pet Pekingese. I got rid of her and then the phone rang. "A guy named Joe Holly to see you," our operator announced.

I put a hand over the receiver, rolled my eyes up and thought. The name didn't rouse any heat waves in my head. "Send him in," I said.

The door opened and Joe Holly entered. I knew that it must be Joe because somehow the name fitted. He looked about twenty-five, big in a

sort of farmerish way, and unabashed, like a kid that's never been scared.

"Sit down," I said, in that gruff, hospitable way the manual requires of detective lieutenants.

"Thank you," he answered, and sat down.

As the light from my street window caught his face a little tingle ran up my spine. A gambler's dead pan, I thought at first, and then I saw I'd guessed wrong. Behind the Buddha calm, the face shone poised and purposeful—strong, like a rock.

"I've come to Los Angeles to find a man," he began.

"Begin at the beginning," I told him, still gruffly and like a policeman.

NEEDLE IN THE HAY

By Gilbert Eldredge

Illustrated by C. C. Beall



"A week ago I lived at Cedar Springs, Iowa, with my mother," he began in that far away tone that hints at something beautiful, but sad. "Someone burglarized our house while I was away. My mother's weak heart couldn't stand the terror and shock. She died." His eyes smouldered like burning peat. "The man stole a lot of things, including some papers of my mother's, some pants and most of my ties. I must recover the papers. Mother would turn over in her grave if I didn't get them back. Then I want the man." His eyes blazed. "I want to prosecute him for murder."

I stifled a lively curiosity about this holy quest for papers. Instead I pulled out a nice, clean pad.

"His name?" I asked, pencil ready.

"I haven't the least idea."

"Give me the best description you can."

"I was away. Mother was the only one who saw him."

I slammed the pad back into the drawer. "What makes you think he's here?"

"The only ticket the railroad agent couldn't account for was to Los Angeles," he answered firmly.

"So," I glared witheringly. "It never occurred to you that the ticket might be a ruse, that he never came here at all, that if he did come he didn't stay."

"I've thought of that," Joe said patiently. Then he brightened. "I think he's here."

I put on the Christian martyr air I use with nice old ladies. "What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing!" Joe grinned placidly. "I just wanted to tell you about it so you'd understand when I brought him in."

"Do you realize that there's a million or so people in this burg?"

"It is a big town," Joe said.

Just then my buzzer sounded. It seemed as good an excuse as any. I ducked out a side door to indicate the interview was over.

"Lots of luck," I called over my shoulder.

"Thanks!" he called back.

I called a rookie standing around in the outer office. "Bill, tail that fellow." I jerked my thumb at Joe's back. "Find out where he lives and what he's doing. It's a new racket, or the guy's dumb as hell."

Funny how you just can't forget some things. That night I couldn't sleep, thinking of Joe and his problem. To find a man you've never seen, without a description or a single clue, in a strange city of this size, well, it was sublime, and a little ridiculous. But the thing went deeper than that. Something back in his life was driving this farm boy, driving him pitilessly, relentlessly, to this impossible task. It was no joke. I could see that in his eyes.

I recognized the night sergeant's voice. "Well," I sputtered, trying to pretend I was in bed, "is the town on fire, or is it only a little riot?"

In a couple of days Bill reported. "He lives in a court on Selma. Yesterday morning he went down to the Society for the Prevention of Vice and talked to Stanley."

"What'd Stanley say?"

"He says the guy wanted a list of all the joints in town."

"Hm! Some list! Then what?"

"This Holly guy goes to the first gambling house on the sheet."

"You know we don't have . . ."

"Yeah, I know. We don't talk about them," said Bill. "This joint works small cards in a side room and is wired for the horses."

"What'd Joe do there?"

"Nothing. Just stood around for a few minutes and left."

"And then?"

"He went to another one—Tony's on Sunset."

"Pretty ritzy for him."

"Yeah. Cocktails in front. Roulette and dice in a back room."

"What'd he do at Tony's?"

"Same thing. Glass of beer and a walk around. That's all."

"And next?"

"Couple more joints and he hit the hay."

"Keep tailing him," I growled.

"This thing doesn't add up."

After a few more days of the same I called Bill off. Joe Holly seemed bent on making every gambling hole, beer parlor and cocktail lounge in the city, and if you know your town that's some sizeable job.

"You don't think he's picking up evidence for Stanley, do you?"

"Naw!" sniffed Bill. "He ain't picking up anything. That kind of evidence is no good anyway. What's his racket? What's he after?"

"Says he's looking for a man he's never seen who robbed him out in Iowa. Some dying wish of his mother's or something like that."

"Like looking for a pinch of salt in the ocean. He's a nut, if you ask me. Something's going to happen to him, though. He's sticking his mug in too many places where he ain't known and wasn't invited."

I thought so, too, but there wasn't much I could do about it. Besides, Joe struck me as a guy who could take care of himself. Nothing more happened and I forgot all about Joe for about two weeks. Then late one night my phone rang. I recognized the night sergeant's voice.

"Well," I sputtered, trying to pretend I was in bed, "Is the town on fire, or is it only a little riot?"

"The surgeon just took seven stitches in a guy's scalp," he drawled. "When we locked him up he said to call you. Name's Joe Holly."

"What's the fracas?"

"He says a couple o' mugs with black-jacks jumped him and tried to beat him up. He says one ran away and he left the other one lying there. A man in Kelly's pool hall corroborates the story."

"He's a nut," I admitted, "but let him go."

Nothing happened for another month. I got assigned to that prose-

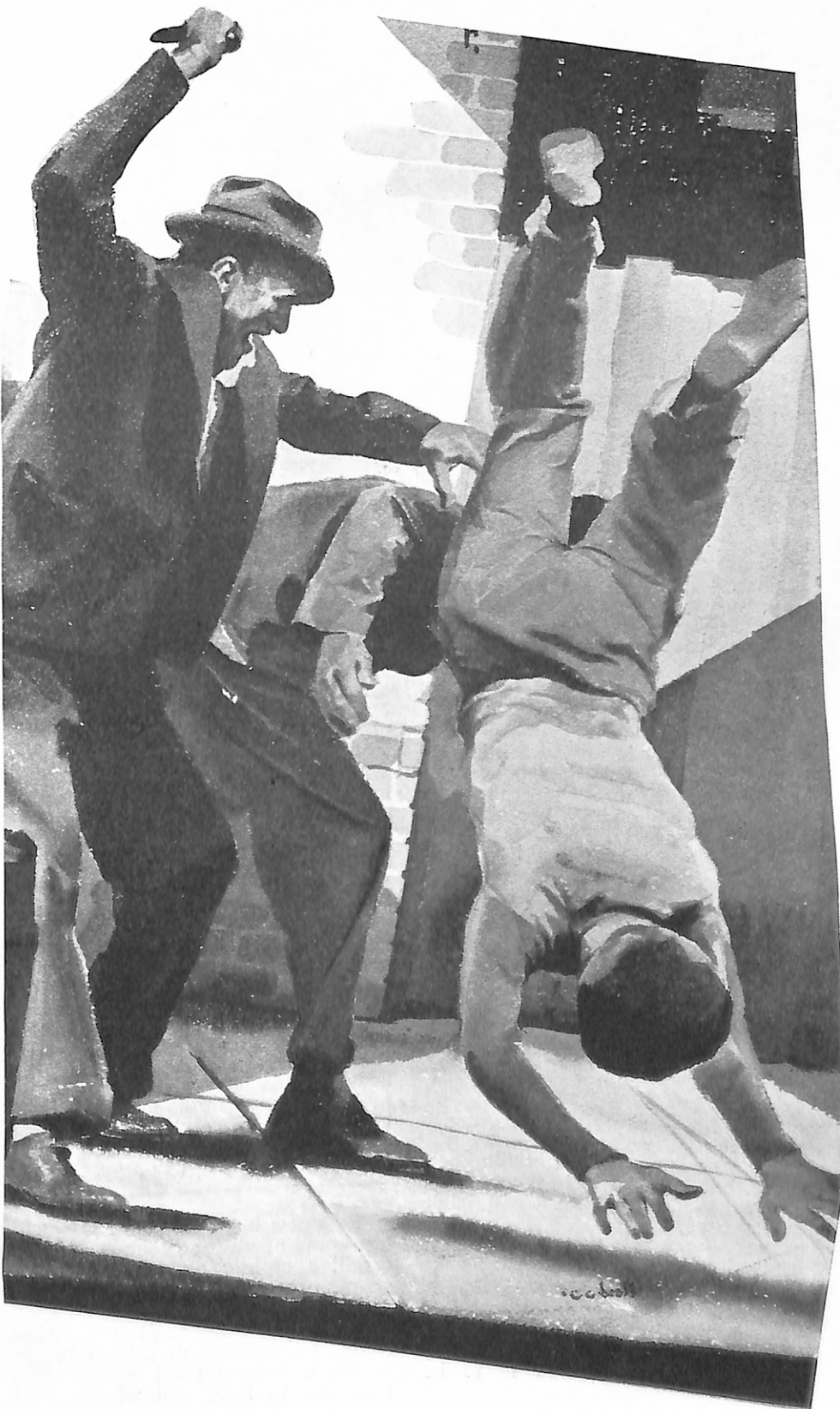
cuting attorney shooting case and kept plenty busy. I—that is, we—got the thing cleared up in slick shape. I'd had a few pats on the back and was feeling pretty cocky when the office door bursts open and in slinks a big bull of a man with flaming red hair. Right behind him comes Joe Holly with an empty pop bottle pushing hard in the small of

the bird's back like it was a gun.

The redheaded guy was raving. "It's an outrage. I demand that you lock up this lunatic," and a lot more words not so printable.

(Continued on page 50)

"He says a couple o' mugs with blackjacks jumped him and tried to beat him up."



Your Dog



Photo by Doris Day

The New Puppy Arrives

by Captain Will Judy

Editor of Dog World

CHRISTMAS is not so far ahead. At least Christmas shopping lists should be made up promptly at this time. On the shopping lists of many folks this year will be—"one pedigreed puppy."

The practice of giving a live gift, a gift that lives, that is, a puppy, has been increasing tremendously so that the biggest selling season for dog breeders and kennelmen is just before Christmas when perhaps more than a hundred thousand puppies leave their mothers to live in new homes and meet their permanent masters.

WHAT we are writing this month is particularly applicable to the Christmas puppies in their new home, but, of course, is true also of any puppy coming into a new home at any time.

Pa and ma and the children have been having arguments, some friendly, and some not so friendly, during the previous months, about first, whether or not a puppy should be purchased, and second, the grave question of what breed is to be chosen.

Master Puppy or Miss Puppy has arrived. For our discussion, it is immaterial what is the breed, for whatever breed is chosen, in almost every case, the family falls utterly in love with the breed and the dog.

It now becomes the best dog in the world because it is your dog. Make him proud of you and you in turn should be proud of him for he considers you the most important person on earth. You are his god; your word is the final law to him.

The person who first walks across a field should have a care to walk in the very best direction, for everybody coming after him will follow his path. So when the puppy arrives, his habits and reactions are determined by the first forty-eight hours in the new home.

THIS new home is a new world to him—one of strange sounds and unfamiliar sights, and above all, of strange smells.

Determine at once where he shall sleep, where he shall eat, what chairs he shall be permitted to use or not use, what shall be forbidden territory to him, and whatever he

does which he should not do, stop him immediately from doing it.

The first night may be one of sleeplessness for him and the family. Have some sympathy because he is a stranger as yet in a strange land, taken suddenly away from his mother and brothers and sisters. If he cries on the first night, let him sleep on the foot of your bed for he wants companionship—but do not make this a nightly practice.

A novel method which often "clicks," is to place an alarm clock in the basket or box with the puppy; the constant ticking tends to keep him quiet.

His first day may be a holiday in your home but after it has gone, concessions, special favors and "coddling" must give way to routine and obedience. Firmness is to join kindness; and all the psychology the mother employs for the rearing of her child, well can be repeated in the few short months of puppyhood.

MANY people do not think of the relation of their environment to the particular breed of dog which they select. Those living in cramped quarters such as apartment houses will find it unwise to acquire one of the larger breeds such as a Great Dane, German Shepherd, Collie, St. Bernard, etc., regardless of how cute they are as puppies. When fully grown these big dogs are totally unsuited to small quarters and require plenty of exercising room. If you have a home with an ample back yard, then the big dog, if you like him, is a good choice, and if you are located in the suburbs or on a farm, any of the larger dogs are ideal both as companions and guardians of your property.

Any of the Terriers and all of the toy dogs readily adapt themselves to limited quarters. True, the Standard Schnauzer, the Kerry Blue Terrier and the Airedale are not particularly small dogs, but as all the Terriers are so generously endowed with energy they take care of the exercising problem themselves.

No better "apartment house" dog exists than the Welsh, Wire-Haired, Boston or Irish Terrier, and the toy dogs, Pekingese, Pomeranians, etc., endure confinement very well. The Welsh Corgis, Cocker Spaniels, Dachshunds and Beagles are small enough to be equally suitable to small homes and city apartments.

While the foregoing is by no means a listing of all the breeds, it is, however, sufficient to suggest the prospective dog owner consider the adult size of the dog in relation to the amount of room which he is to occupy.

It is well to examine the temperament of a breed, its habits and even its coat. A quiet, retiring type of owner is not likely to be very happy with a rough and ready, boss-of-the-house Terrier. A gentle, affectionate Spaniel, Pekingese or Beagle would

(Continued on page 55)

What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

Reported by Harry Hansen

A POPULAR VERSION OF "THE ARTS."

YOU will find Hendrik Willem van Loon's name all over the map these days. He's a big, expansive fellow and he takes up lots of room—in a house, in books, on the air. For the last few years he has been writing "The Arts," trying to make a popular interpretation of the history of painting, sculpture, music, architecture and so on, telling what they meant to the people who saw them produced and what they mean to Hendrik. Not content with writing he has embellished his book with drawings reproduced in color. Nobody draws exactly like Hendrik Willem; nobody writes like him, either. He will tell you things you never thought about before: that "the Taj Mahal is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful buildings ever devised by the genius of man, but when you approach the Brooklyn Bridge without prejudices, it is quite as beautiful and even more imposing than the Taj Mahal." He will tell you how churches were once built by enthusiastic believers and decorated to inspire, while later on, when Baroque art became the vogue, the object was to impress the worshipper. He enjoys the Renaissance and writes brilliantly about it; he hates modern art that throws aside beauty and form and doesn't talk about it. To him Wagner is the greatest composer of modern times and for those interested in playing good music in their homes he adds a list of records. "The Arts" ought to interest a great many readers who would be frightened away by a heavy academic discussion and who are glad that Hendrik van Loon has determined to make them interesting and alive. (Simon & Schuster)

NOVELS OF THE HOUR

LOUIS BROMFIELD is an American novelist who has discovered that the way to write good, satisfying novels is to get as far as possible from New York City. That hive of literary industry is likely to defeat the best efforts of the novelist who likes his friends. They will call him on the telephone any hour of the day and night; they will demand his presence at three-hour luncheons and 5 o'clock cocktail parties; they will tempt him with theaters and the allurements of fine conversation. So Louis Bromfield, who has written some highly competent novels about American women,



Hendrik Willem van Loon, whose latest work, "The Arts," is a most important item in the publishing world these days (Simon & Schuster)

retires to his house in Senlis, France, where, despite war's alarms, he can be at peace, and get some work done.

For the material in his latest novel, "The Rains Came," he went twice to India. But the story is not about foreigners and natives, but about human personalities, each an individual in his own right, with the qualities and defects of human beings. Tom Ransome, tired, disillusioned, wondering about life; Fern Simon, the young girl who runs away from home because she can't stand it; the Smileys, Baptist missionaries; Lord and Lady Esketh, the Maharaja and numerous other characters whose lives cross in Ranchipur, the place where the rains came and changed everything. In the background, the old India. What happens to these people, what they talk about and dream about, makes a moving and tense story. (Harper & Bros.)

Perhaps the attitude of the author is best indicated by a little story, told to him by Erich Maria Remarque, which is a sort of preface to "The Rains Came":

Two men sat in a bar. One said to the other, "Do you like Americans?" and the second man answered vigorously, "No."

"Do you like Frenchmen?" asked the first.

"No," came the answer with equal vigor.

"Englishmen?"

"No."

"Russians?"

"No."

"Germans?"

"No."

There was a pause and the first man, raising his glass, asked, "Well, whom do you like?"

Without hesitation the second man answered, "I like my friends."

NOVELS, novels, novels. . . . They are falling on this desk like bills at the first of the month. There's "So Great a Man," a novel about Napoleon by David Pilgrim. It seems that Talleyrand once wondered how so great a man could have been so badly brought up. Here we see Napoleon enjoying an affair with the Polish countess, Walewska, while married to the Empress Josephine. Napoleon is carrying on his campaign in Spain and Talleyrand and Fouché are plotting against him. There are plenty of lively episodes, such as Napoleon calling Talleyrand vile names while that astute poker player of politics bows; Joaquin tearing Perales' arm from its socket and brandishing it aloft; Pauline, the sister of Napoleon, being carried to her bath of milk by her black servant; Napoleon mingling with the crowd at the fair. Booksellers tell me that Napoleonic novels always find a ready audience; the ruthless fellow appeals especially to readers of the most peaceful dispositions. (Harper & Bros.)

COMPTON MACKENZIE was a great name in fiction around 1920. A year ago he began the story of John Pendarves Ogilvie in "The East Wind," and an excellent novel it was, dealing with the youth of a young Englishman. Now in "The South Wind of Love" he continues the story of John's life during the war, beginning in 1913, when John is a playwright, 30 years old, and carrying him into the Dardanelles campaign. Mackenzie was himself an intelligence officer in the war and his experiences gave him the locale. A most competent writer, he presents many facets of John's career in the solid way novelists used to practice and his story will satisfy many. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Sophie Kerr has a new story, "Fine to Look At," dealing with the ex-

(Continued on page 51)



A SUGGESTION TO LODGES

HOW long is it until Christmas? Well, that depends on your age. If you are a kid, it is so far away that it may never arrive. If you are old, it is just around the corner. If you are young or in middle life, it is about seven weeks in the offing—quite close enough to begin planning to bring joy and gladness to others during the happy Yuletide Season.

In the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia, are assembled many of our less fortunate Brothers. Let us not forget them. Some will receive a Christmas remembrance from their Lodge. In the past, others have not been so fortunate. Just imagine, if you can, how those not remembered will feel. Would it not be fine for every Lodge to send from its treasury to the Superintendent, Robert Scott, a few dollars for the Christmas fund? He will see to it that it is equitably apportioned among the Brothers according to their respective needs and deserts so that none will be overlooked and that all will have a Merry Christmas.

Every fellow feels better if he has a little change in his pocket. These Brothers are well housed and well fed, but they need a little cash with which they can occasionally go to a movie or buy some candy, cigars, cigarettes or tobacco. And, "believe you me," a few dollars is a lot of money to some of our Brothers at the Home.

Would it not be appropriate for your Lodge in this way to let them know that they are not forgotten, and that you wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year?

IMPORTANCE OF THE RITUAL

THE ritual is the foundation on which the superstructure of Elkdom is erected.

The importance of its proper exemplification is stressed in the Grand Lodge Statutes, which provide that the officers of subordinate Lodges shall memorize their respective parts within thirty days after their installation, the penalty for failure so to do being the forfeiture of office.

The reason for this positive statute, and drastic penalty for failure to comply with it, is that the ritual cannot be properly exemplified unless the officers are able to do the work without a copy before them.

The statutes also provide that a Lodge must exemplify the ritual before the District Deputy on the occasion of his official visit. This is to enable the District Deputy to report to the Grand Exalted Ruler as to whether the officers have memorized their parts and as to whether the ritual is properly and effectively exemplified.

This is one of the very important duties of the District Deputy, the proper discharge of which makes it necessary that he himself be proficient in the work, otherwise he is not competent to pass judgment on the exemplification by the officers or qualified to compliment when justified, or constructively to criticize when he finds the work below a fair standard of excellence.

THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR

THE rapacious and insatiable greed of Japan for Chinese territory has inflicted on the world another Sino-Japanese War, undeclared at this writing, but actually being waged with a wanton and ruthless destruction of life and property.

Six years ago Japan forcefully took over Manchuria and set up the puppet state of Manchukuo. A year later she added Jehol and other Chinese territory at the eastern terminus of the Great Wall.

She seized on the trivial incident of July 7th in which two of her soldiers were killed, being at the time where

EDITORIAL



they had no right to be, as a pretext for launching her long-planned acquisition of North China, so that the present war is merely another one waged for territorial acquisition. This is the fact, regardless of Japan's effort to camouflage it.

At this writing it looks as though Japan is encountering unexpected resistance from a long-suffering and peace-loving people less willing than formerly to bend the suppliant knee. Whatever the outcome may be, Japan will have lost immeasurably in world esteem. Her hands are now red with the blood of thousands of innocent men, women and children.

She may well adopt Macbeth's inquiry:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?"

And also Lady Macbeth's exclamation:

"Out, damned spot! out I say!

What! will these hands ne'er be clean?

Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes
of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

A GOOD IDEA, BUT NOT NEW



UR June issue carried an editorial captioned "Practical Charity," in which it was suggested that Lodges would be doing a very practical and worthwhile charity by calling on their members to donate blood transfusions to those in need thereof but too poor to pay.

The ink was scarcely dry on that editorial when a letter was received from the Secretary of Philadelphia Lodge stating that they had been doing that very thing for many years, providing donors for charity patients in local hospitals. This was indeed welcome information, although it deprived us of the impression that we had recommended to Lodges a new charitable activity. It causes us to answer in the negative that query in Ecclesiastes 1:10: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new?"

We again refer to the matter in order to give credit to Philadelphia Lodge and to suggest that what it is doing in this respect is worthy of emulation by other Lodges.

THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE

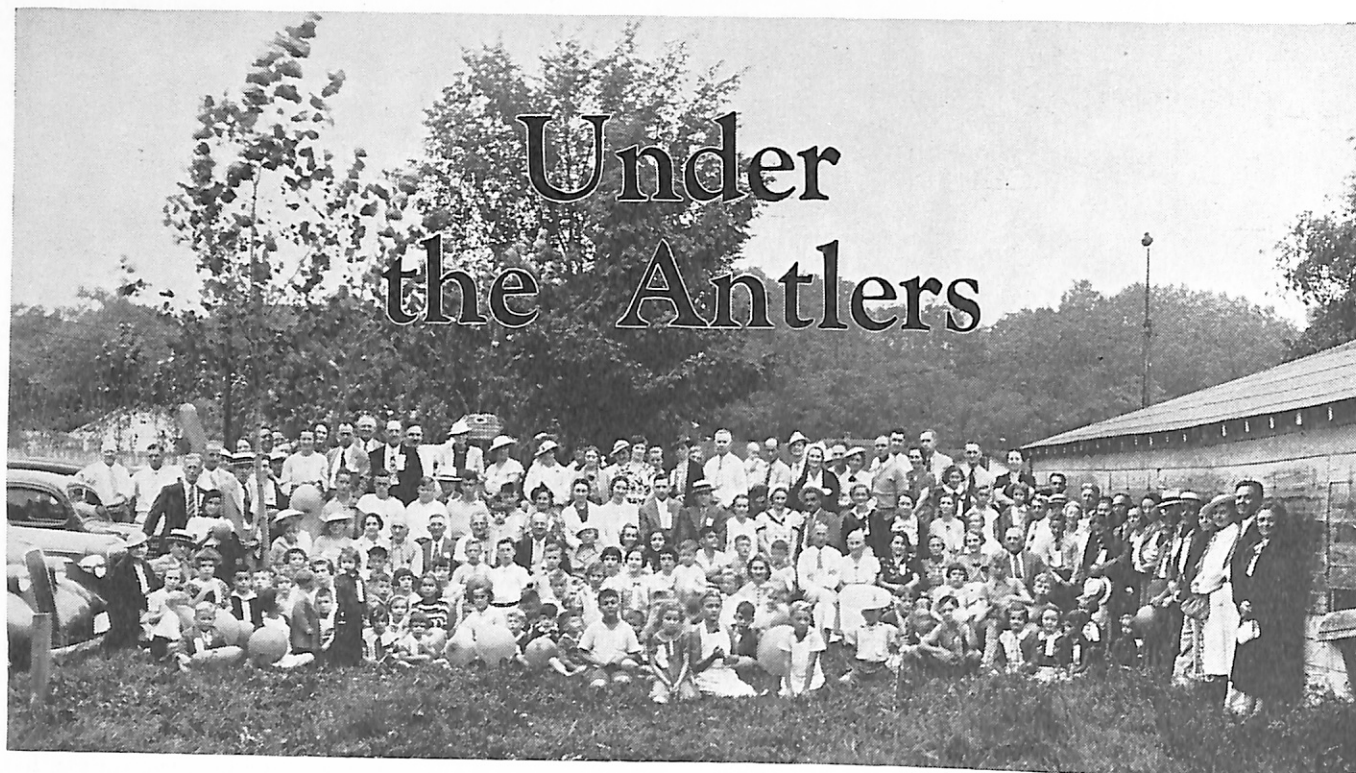


ANY a young man, and young woman too, has failed to obtain a position or, having secured one, has failed to keep it through sheer lack of what, for want of a better term, may be characterized as common courtesy and politeness.

It is generally true that the little things in life, the seemingly trivial things, mark the difference between success and failure. We all have had the experience at times of being favorably, and at other times unfavorably, impressed on entering an office or place of business by the greeting accorded by the first party contacted, generally the secretary, the office boy or floor clerk. If the greeting is in a pleasing tone of voice, accompanied by a smile and an evident desire to be of assistance, the customer, patient or client gets a good impression of the employer and of the whole establishment and is glad he happened to come to that particular place. If, however, the greeting lacks a reasonable show of cordiality and interest, the effect is not pleasing and the prospective patron is liable to cut his call short and go elsewhere to transact his business.

More and more, business is being transacted on the basis of friendship and cordiality. Every business and professional man knows this and is quick to recognize and reward employees helpful in this important phase of business success. He is also quick to recognize the lack of courtesy in employees and to discharge them for others more appreciative of their duties and responsibilities.

Neatness in appearance and graciousness in manner are not only great assets in obtaining a position, but they multiply many fold the chances for advancement to more responsible and lucrative employment. Excessive politeness, however, quickly degenerates into a fault, and a grievous one. To strike the happy medium requires thought and the exercise of good judgment on the part of the employee, but it is worth the time devoted to its study, for it pays dividends in cash as well as in self-satisfaction in getting the most out of life.



Attendance of 3,500 at Annual Fish Fry of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge

Every penny realized from the Fish Fry held at Grant Park on September 11 by Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, went into the Lodge's Charity Fund. The event this year was

the best of all the annual Fries yet held, and was in the nature of a homecoming as well. Many members who had moved from the city came back for the outing. The crowd was estimated at more than 3,500. All the materials were furnished by Atlanta Lodge with the exception of

coffee, cream and sugar which were donated by a large coffee company. Some idea of the enormity of the undertaking can be had from the fact that from noon until 8 P.M., 1,250 pounds of fish were served, with 500 loaves of bread, 800 pounds of coleslaw and 500 pounds of po-

Elks National Foundation Scholarship Prizes for 1936-37

The Elks National Foundation Trustees offer \$1,500 in cash prizes to be awarded to the most valuable students of the school year 1936-37.

The applications which have been presented to the Foundation Trustees during the four years that these contests have been held have indicated the great number of students of high character, exceptional scholastic ability and great ambition, who are deserving of assistance to enable them to complete their college courses, and of reward for the fine effort which they have made, the persistence with which they have carried on, and the remarkable records which they have established. Consequently the Foundation Trustees have decided to hold another "Most Valuable Student" Contest and to offer prizes as follows:

First Prize	\$600
Second Prize	\$400
Third Prize	\$300
Fourth Prize	\$200

These prizes are offered to the students of the country who are outstanding in scholarship attainment, in character, in citizenship and in extra curriculum activities. Any student in the senior or graduating

class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, is eligible to become a candidate for these awards.

In judging the merits of the applicants for these prizes, consideration will be given to character, scholarship, citizenship, exceptional courage, patriotism or service, and to any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment.

The students must present or have presented in their behalf an application in the form of a printed or typewritten brief or prospectus which sets forth all the data with supporting exhibits, including a recent picture of the applicant for the award, and a certificate signed by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of the subordinate Lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident.

This presentation must be made on or before April 1, 1938, to Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, to whom all communications should be sent.

The Foundation Trustees do not furnish application blanks nor do they insist upon any special form of application or presentation. They

prefer that each applicant should use his own ingenuity in presenting his case.

Additional rules and regulations which the Foundation Trustees may consider necessary or desirable will be published in *The Elks Magazine*.

The Foundation Trustees reserve the right to decline to make any awards in pursuance of the foregoing offers, if the representations made to them do not show sufficient merit.

Exalted Rulers are requested to read this announcement to the members at the next meeting of the Lodge, and Secretaries are requested to have the substance thereof printed in the Lodge bulletin and in the local newspapers. District Deputies are urged to cooperate in giving publicity to these scholarship prize offers.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman
Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman
Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary
James G. McFarland, Treasurer
Murray Hulbert
Edward Rightor
Charles H. Grakelow

Left: Those who participated in the annual Family Picnic at Lakeland Beach held by Wooster, Ohio, Lodge. A large group of orphans were the guests of the Lodge

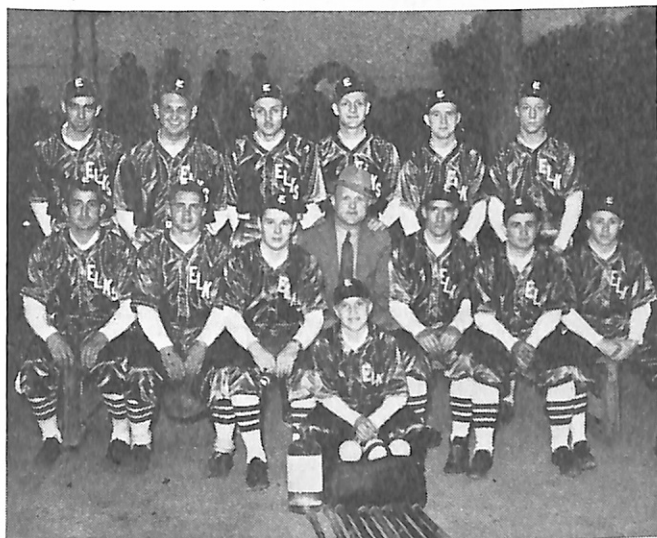
tatoes, all prepared under the supervision of W. T. Turner, Chairman of the Cooking Committee. As a token of appreciation from his fellow members, Captain Turner received a surprise gift, a handsome sterling silver pitcher, presented by E.R. Dr. I. H. Etheridge and Judge L. Z. Rosser.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge's Billiard Tournaments Are Popular

In September, 1936, two teams, the Purples and Whites, each made up of 15 members of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, staged a Billiard Tournament. The tourneys increased in popularity and this year 54 players took part.

Each tournament has ended with

Below: The Softball Team of Warsaw, Ind., Lodge. The Team is City Champion and is also runner-up for sectional championship



a difference of not more than 17 points between the winners and the losers. The close of the matches is celebrated with a fried chicken dinner furnished by the losers. The contests have stimulated sufficient interest to attract a number of "stay-at-home" members who have become active in other Lodge affairs as well. Negotiations are now being carried on for inter-Lodge tournaments with some of the Lodges in near-by communities.

Largest Class in History of Tampa, Fla., Lodge Honors P.E.R.'s

Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, honored its 21 living Past Exalted Rulers on Wednesday night, September 22, by initiating a class of candidates, the largest in its history. More than 500 attended. The ladies accompanying the Elks were entertained at bridge and bunco during the ceremonies, after which the mem-

bers and guests assembled on the third floor of the Lodge Home for a banquet and dance.

A ball was given for the newly initiated Elks on the following Saturday night at the Davis Islands Country Club. In recognition of the sterling work of Frank Bullard who personally brought in 41 of the 76 applications, the Lodge voted unanimously to honor him on November 24 with a class initiation.

Hackensack, N. J., Lodge Presents County with Copy of Constitution

In commemorating the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States, Hackensack, N. J., Lodge, No. 658, presented to the County of Bergen on Constitution Day exact copies of the four pages of the historic document. They are identical in size and show the creases and smudges as well as age and wear that may be seen on

Below: The two bowling teams of Grand Island, Neb., Lodge which finished in top positions in both senior and junior City Leagues



Above: Members of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge's Outing Committee at a recent function held by the Lodge



Above: The presentation of a silver pitcher to W. T. Turner for his outstanding work in Atlanta, Ga., Lodge.

Luxury and low

MARCH HAND IN HAND...IN THE BIG NEW 1938

IT'S a grand feeling to walk into a Studebaker salesroom and know you have money enough to buy any one of the glamorous new 1938 models. You can do it, no matter how little you've been counting on spending for a new car!

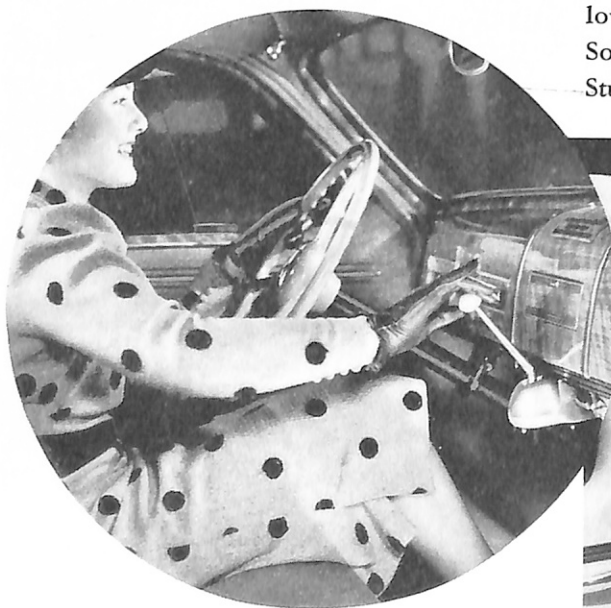
The low price you pay to own a 1938 Studebaker is just a foretaste of the small sum it takes to run it...in fact you'll have to do a lot of looking to find a car that measures up to Studebaker's economy of gas and oil.

This new luxury Studebaker of 1938 is a low, wide and handsome masterpiece of

clean-cut, automobile design...with a head-on view that's a heads-up blue ribbon winner in any showing of motor car thoroughbreds.

It's built with the precision and soundness that have made Studebaker quality world-famed for generations. It performs with a flexibility and sureness that spoil you for anything less. It handles delightfully and brings you so many interesting and practical innovations, you almost lose count.

Give your spirits a lift even if you're not yet ready for a new car. See and drive the important-looking, exclusive-looking, new low-priced luxury Studebaker of 1938 now. Sold on C. I. T. budget plan terms. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.



TRY THE NEW MIRACLE SHIFT... You don't have to learn to drive all over again. You change gears in the reliable accustomed way but with much less effort. The front floor is completely clear. Available at slight extra cost on Commander and President.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO SLAM DOORS in a 1938 Studebaker. All models have unique rattle-proof rotary door latches. Just a gentle pull or push and the door closes lightly, tightly and silently—and it grips even more securely shut with the motion of the car.



NEW MIRACLE RIDE ★ NEW HORIZONTAL TRANSMISSION ★ NON-SLAM SAFETY DOOR LATCHES ★ EXTRA ROOMY LUXURY INTERIORS
★ OVERSIZE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS ★ SAFETY GLASS ALL AROUND ★ IMPROVED FRAM OIL CLEANER ★ NEW SUPER-STRONG FRAMES

price

STUDEBAKER!



ROOM TO SPARE! Six full-sized persons are never crowded in Studebaker sedans. And Studebaker's Miracle Ride is an unforgettable experience in relaxed comfort. Every model has independent planar wheel suspension and the finest hydraulic shock absorbers.



YOU
PAY SO LITTLE
FOR
SO MUCH
MORE

BIG SAVINGS EVERY MILE ON GAS AND OIL! The famous Fram oil cleaner is standard equipment on all 1938 Studebaker models. And Studebaker's advanced economy engineering assures you of impressively low gas consumption.



New low priced luxury
STUDEBAKER
OF 1938

BRILLIANT NEW ACCELERATION AND HILL-CLIMBING PERFORMANCE ★ AUTOMATIC HILL HOLDER STANDARD ON COMMANDER AND PRESIDENT
★ NEW MIRACLE SHIFT AND GAS-SAVING AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE AVAILABLE ON COMMANDER AND PRESIDENT AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST

the originals on display in the Constitution Shrine in Washington, D. C. The reproductions are on parchment individually framed in bronze and glass. These frames are in a larger bronze frame placed on the pillar in the main entrance of the county courthouse in Hackensack.

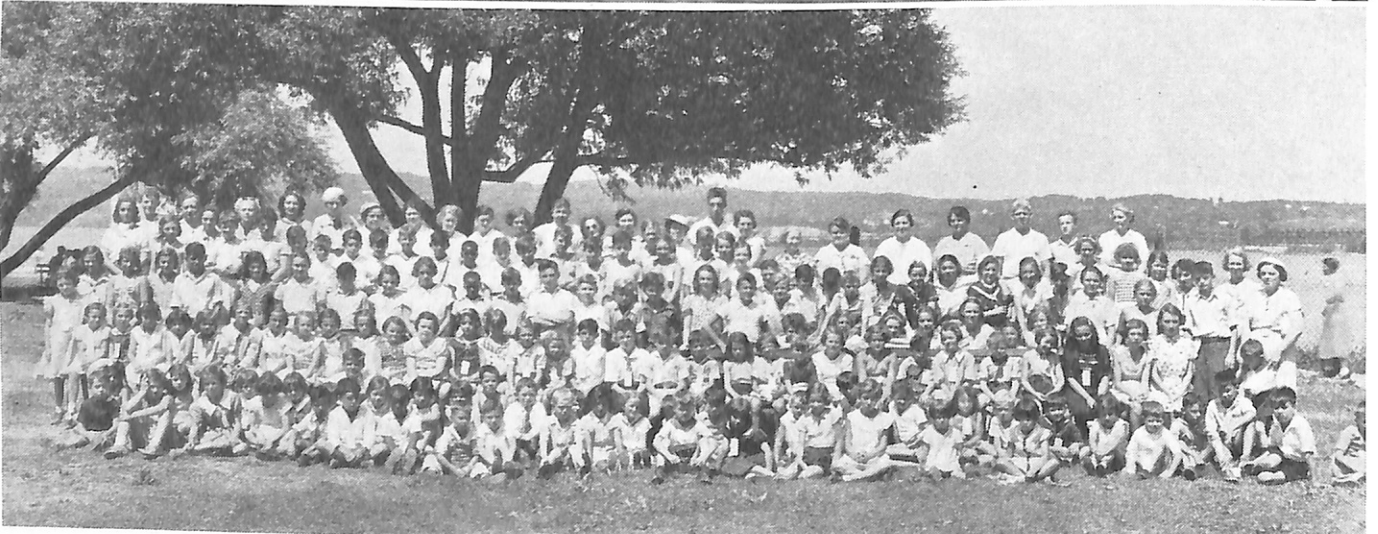
Presentation on behalf of the Lodge was made by P.E.R. Spencer D. Baldwin and acceptance by Director Kuiken of the Board of Freeholders. Most of the prominent officials of the county and State and representatives of fraternal and patriotic organizations of the county attended. John Borg was Chairman of the Constitution Sesquicentennial Committee appointed by E.R. William L. Seubert.

September 10-11-12 with highly successful results. It is now classed by the National Rodeo Association as the second largest in the United States. Over \$7,000 was awarded in cash prizes and a majority of the best riders in the country took part. It cost over \$18,000 to put on the rodeo this year. At least 30,000 people attended and the gate receipts alone ran over \$25,000. This is not a sponsored rodeo. It is put on and financed entirely by Woodward Lodge, and has produced considerable revenue for charitable work. Every member of the Lodge was an active booster. J. O. Selman, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, a wealthy cattleman living near Woodward, produces, directs and manages the

enberry; Esq. Eugene Davis, Chairman of the Regalia Committee; Inner Guard Ernest Godfrey; Tiler C. H. Warden; Custodian Ted Pinkerton; Chaplain Malcomb Bealmer; Trustees Luther Shobe and Lou Bouquot; Trustee Fred Peery, Chairman of the Decorating Committee; Bob Walker, Chairman of the Parade Committee; former State Secy. John Dieffenderfer and Joe Osborne of the Advertising Committee; M. D. Wyatt, Arena Arrangements; Harry Bladell, Police, and Meno Schoenbach, Director of Publicity.

The first of these shows staged by

Below: A group of new members of Tampa, Fla., Lodge photographed with the Lodge officers.



Special Meeting of Seguin, Tex., Lodge Honors Charter Members

Seguin, Texas, Lodge, No. 1229, honored its charter members on September 27 with a special meeting and initiation. The ceremonies were most impressive. About 60 members attended, enjoying the get-together and the "Feed" and general good time that followed the Lodge session.

Woodward, Okla., Lodge's Ninth Annual Rodeo a Huge Success

Woodward, Okla., Lodge, No. 1355, held its Ninth Annual Rodeo on

show. Mr. Selman, Trustee Hal Cooper, who was Director of the Arena, and Treasurer A. Nashelsky, Chairman of the Finance Committee, were sent by the Lodge this year to El Paso where they purchased 75 head of Mexican longhorn steers, the best available for rodeo roping and bulldogging. E.R. Herman J. Salz was General Chairman. Past State Pres. C. R. Donley was Secretary of the Rodeo Committee. Other Woodward Elks whose efforts were responsible for the success of the rodeo were Est. Leading Knight Evan Reed; Est. Loyal Knight Cecil Sevel; Est. Lect. Knight Turner Quis-

Above: Children's Day as it was observed by Ossining, N. Y., Lodge when a large group of crippled and under-privileged children were taken on an outing

Woodward Lodge nine years ago was held in a poorly equipped arena and put across mainly through the attraction of a free buffalo barbecue. The Lodge made up a purse of \$1,000 to buy buffalo meat. Today the rodeo is held in the interior of a half mile race track, in front of a new concrete and steel stadium, situated in Woodward Amusement City, one of the most remarkable recreation centers in Oklahoma. On the second day

of this year's event a party of Elks attended from Kansas, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and other points in Oklahoma. This was "Elks Day." Past State Pres. George M. McLean of El Reno, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, headed the delegation, acting as special representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart.

Illinois Lodges Hold Two-Day Fall Meeting at Decatur

At the two-day annual Fall Meeting of Illinois Lodges held at Decatur Saturday and Sunday, September

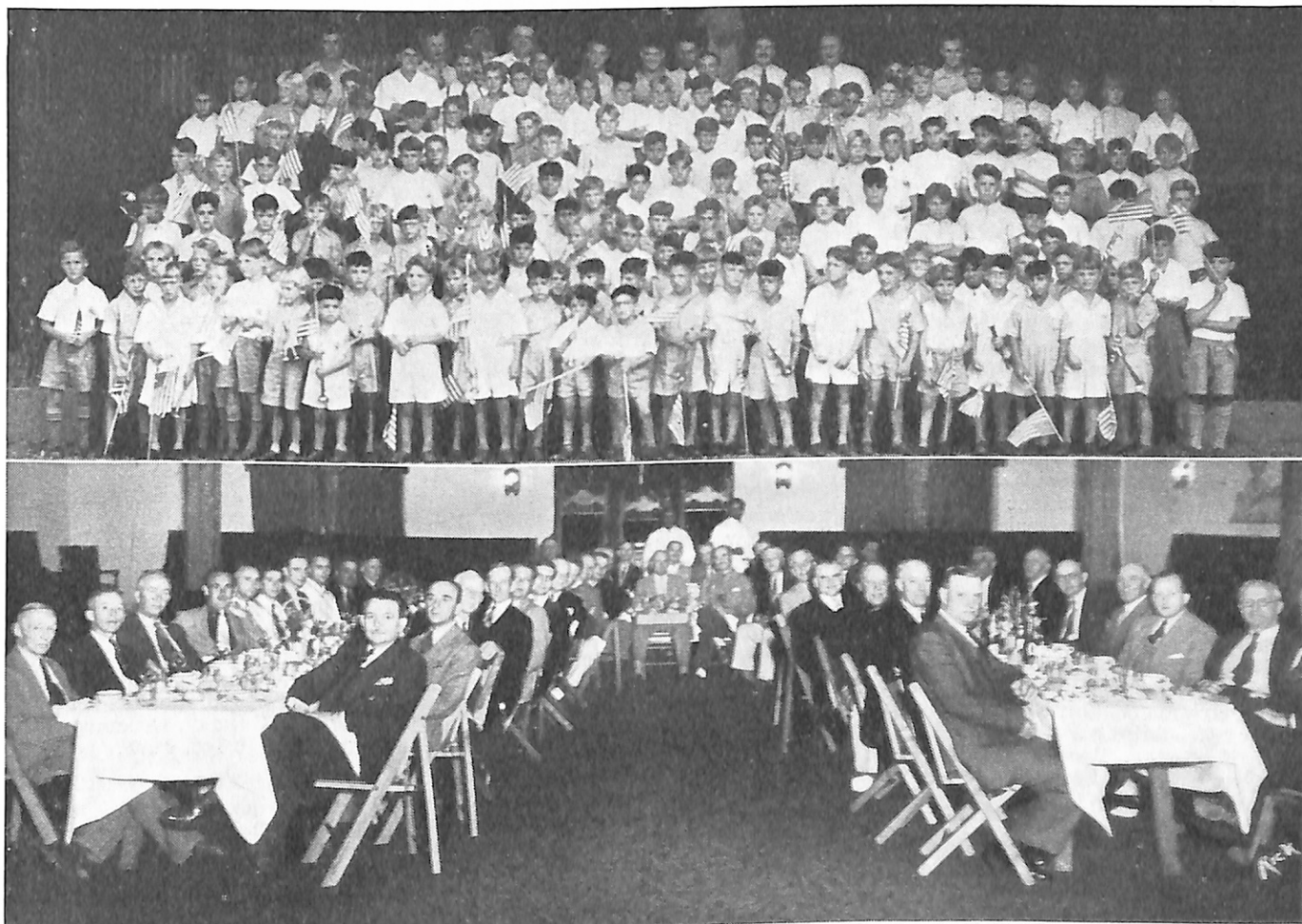
Below: A group of orphans who were recently entertained at a picnic and motion picture by Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge

plans for the mid-winter round-up at Champaign February 5-6 were discussed and approved. A Fall and Winter program for the Lodges was formulated. At the afternoon session presided over by State Pres. Dr. Bryan Caffery, Jerseyville, replacements in the State Crippled Children's Commission were selected, Past Pres. Alfred Jeffreys, Herrin, and Walter Reese, Granite City, being the new members. At noon a dinner was attended by 90 district officers and their wives. P.E.R. Ernest Nettkemper was Toastmaster. D.D.'s Frank W. Tracy, Blue Island, Phil Wendel, Ottawa, A. J. Fish, Macomb, Marion P. Boulden, Carbondale, and W. D. Peel, Belleville; Special Deputies J. M. Cooke, Harvey,

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge to Stage Circus This Month for Charity Fund

Beginning on November 15 and continuing through the 20th, Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, will stage its annual Show for the building up of its General Relief and Crippled Children's Fund. The Lodge decided this year to break away from the usual Frolic and after a thorough search of the entertainment field, booked the Frank Wirth Three Ring Circus and made arrangements to hold the event in the Armory in Elizabeth. There will be more than the usual number of animal acts. The Wirth Circus is widely known as one of the best indoor circuses in the world.

Elizabeth Lodge makes but one ap-



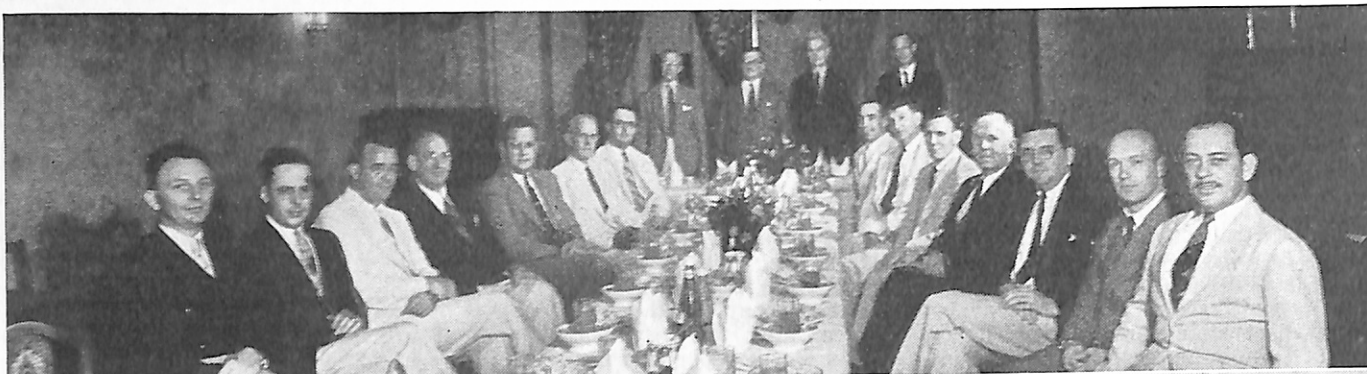
Above: Billiard Tournament players of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge enjoyed a dinner given for them at the Lodge Home

11-12, it was unanimously agreed to carry out the safety program planned by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart. In this program are suggested measures which will tend to reduce the number of dangerous intersections, eliminate ticket fixing and limit speed. The resolution was introduced by Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner of Dixon Lodge. One hundred and fifty representatives from 30 Lodges were present.

At the morning business session

and William M. Frasar, Blue Island; Past Pres.'s Dr. J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign, Dr. J. F. Mohan, Pontiac, Judge Frank B. Leonard, Champaign, and Dr. Frank C. Winters, Monmouth, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln; State Treas. Fred P. Hill, Danville, and Frank P. White, Oak Park, Exec. Secy. of the Crippled Children's Commission, were among the prominent Illinois Elks present in Decatur at the meetings and social affairs. A special committee entertained the visiting ladies with theatre and card parties and an automobile tour.

peal annually for its charity fund. It spends thousands of dollars on its relief activities and work for crippled children. Those attending the Circus will be assisting in a widely beneficial cause and will also enjoy wholesome fun and a variety of amusements. Cash prizes of \$2,500 will be given away. The members of the Show Promotion Committee are James F. Pierce, Chairman, Charles V. Kronimus, Treas., E. J. Hirtzel, Secy., D. V. Donahue, George L. Hirtzel, John Bornheimer, Julius R. Pollatschek, Joseph M. McDowell and E.R. Murray B. Sheldon, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn.



Above: The officers of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge at a dinner in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow.

Right: Members of Woodward, Okla., Lodge who were much in evidence at the recent Elks Rodeo held in Woodward

John Finegan Receives Elks Foundation First Prize at Gloucester

Before an immense gathering, in the City Hall at Gloucester, Mass., of Elks, citizens and schoolmates, John Christopher Finegan, 1937 local high school graduate, was presented with his check for \$1,000, "the most valuable student" award of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Foundation Trustees, made the presentation. On the stage besides Mr. Malley were the other speakers who were Mayor W. U. Friend, Superintendent of Schools E. W. Fellows, Principal Leslie O. Johnson, D.D. George B. Steele, Gloucester, Jesse R. Kenyon, W. G. Clark and P.E.R. Earl O. Phillips, Chairman of the local Lodge Committee on Arrangements, who acted as Master of Ceremonies; prominent Massachusetts Elks among whom were Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady, Brookline; Past State Pres. John F. Burke, Boston, member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; State Pres. William B. Jackson, Sr., Brookline, State Trustee Michael J. Cuneo, Woburn, and P.D.D. F. J. McHugh, Watertown; present and past officers of Gloucester Lodge No. 892; members of the Municipal Council; Mr. Finegan's mother, Mrs. W. Norman Fisher; Miss Hortense L. Harris, head of the English department of the high school, and the Rev. Dwight L. Cart. The high school R.O.T.C. band rendered selections between the addresses. E.R. J. Stanley Thompson opened the program.

In accepting his check, young Mr. Finegan expressed his thanks not only to Mr. Malley and to the Order, but also to the Gloucester Elks who had sent him to the Grand Lodge Convention and the New England delegation who entertained him while he was there. Mr. Finegan was introduced as first prize winner from the rostrum in the convention hall



during the third business session of the Grand Lodge.

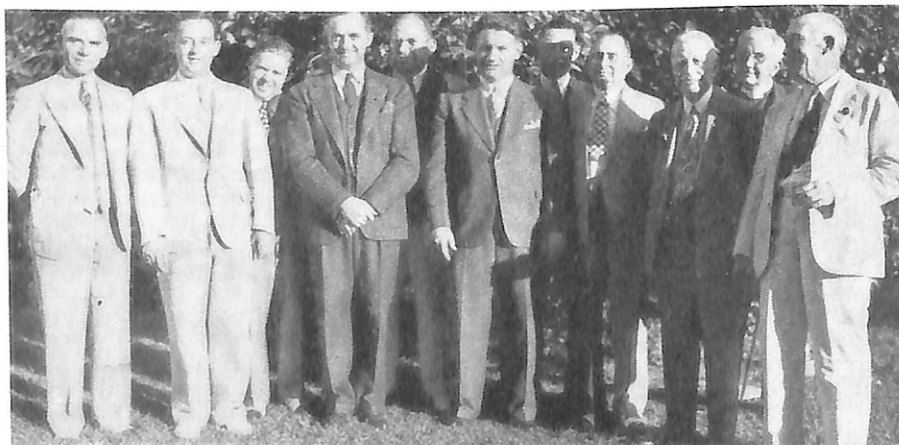
N. J. State Elks Hold First Quarterly Meeting at Mount Holly

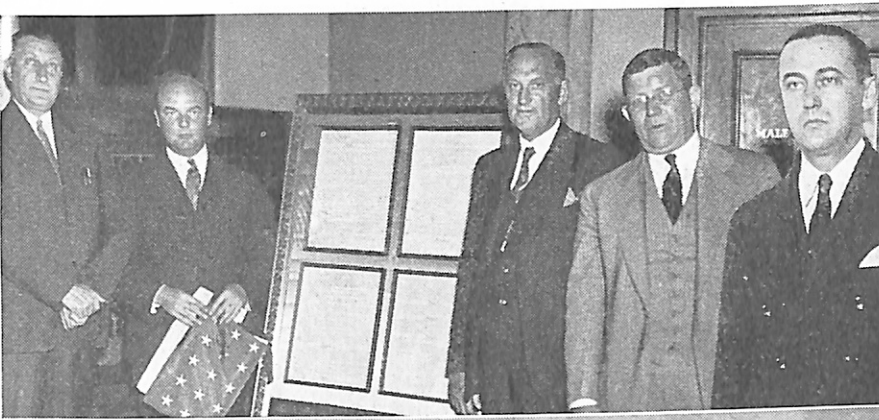
The New Jersey State Elks Association held its first quarterly meeting for 1937-38 at Mount Holly Lodge No. 848 on Sunday afternoon, September 12. State Pres. Murray B. Sheldon of Elizabeth Lodge made the opening address, outlining the Grand Lodge program for the coming year. He announced that in addition to crippled children's work, which has always been and will continue to be a foremost activity of the Association, two other major features would be undertaken—first, the Safe Driving Campaign as planned by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles

Spencer Hart, and the other a special publicity campaign for the purpose of acquainting the people of New Jersey, through local newspapers, with the various lines of beneficial work carried on by each Lodge in its respective community. The program will be carried out by 62 committee men, one from each Lodge, and District committee men, one from each of the four Districts.

Approximately 200 delegates attended. The next quarterly meeting will be held Sunday, December 12, at Boonton Lodge No. 1405.

Above: Officers of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Fourth from the left is State President Murray B. Sheldon





Left: Prominent members of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge who presented the replica of the Constitution of the United States, given by the Lodge to Bergen County



Below, left: Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge paid tribute to the memory of the late Chauncey Yockey in a memorial to him. Among those present at the dedication of the granite sarcophagus were, left to right, E.R. Thomas F. Millane, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Mayor Hoan and Police Chief Kluchsky

D.D. Wilbur P. Baird Honored by His Lodge, Greenville, Pa.

P.E.R. Wilbur P. Baird, District Deputy for Pennsylvania, Northwest, was given a testimonial banquet on September 29 by his home Lodge, Greenville, Pa., No. 145. The affair, which took place at the Greenville Country Club, was one of the largest ever held in the District, and was attended by 225 Elks. The climax of the after-dinner program was the presentation to the District Deputy for distinguished service of an Honorary Life Membership presented by E.R. William G. Redmond. Mr. Baird also received a handsome gold wrist watch and a silver card case from members of his Lodge.

Dr. T. V. Holleran was Toastmaster. Among the speakers, all of whom praised the guest of honor for his ability and willingness to serve, were P.D.D. John T. Lyons, Sharon, P.D.D. James G. Bohlender, Mayor of Franklin, P.D.D. J. Austin Gormley of Butler, former State Trustee Ralph Robinson, Wilkinsburg, and Robert Dale, City Solicitor of Franklin, who is President of the Elks N.W. District. P.D.D. Joseph Riesenman, Jr., Franklin, spoke on the Constitution of the United States. At the close of the dinner meeting, a social session was held at the Lodge Home where Mr. Baird received the personal congratulations of his fellow members of the Lodge.

Ilion, N. Y., Lodge Holds its Annual Crippled Children's Outing

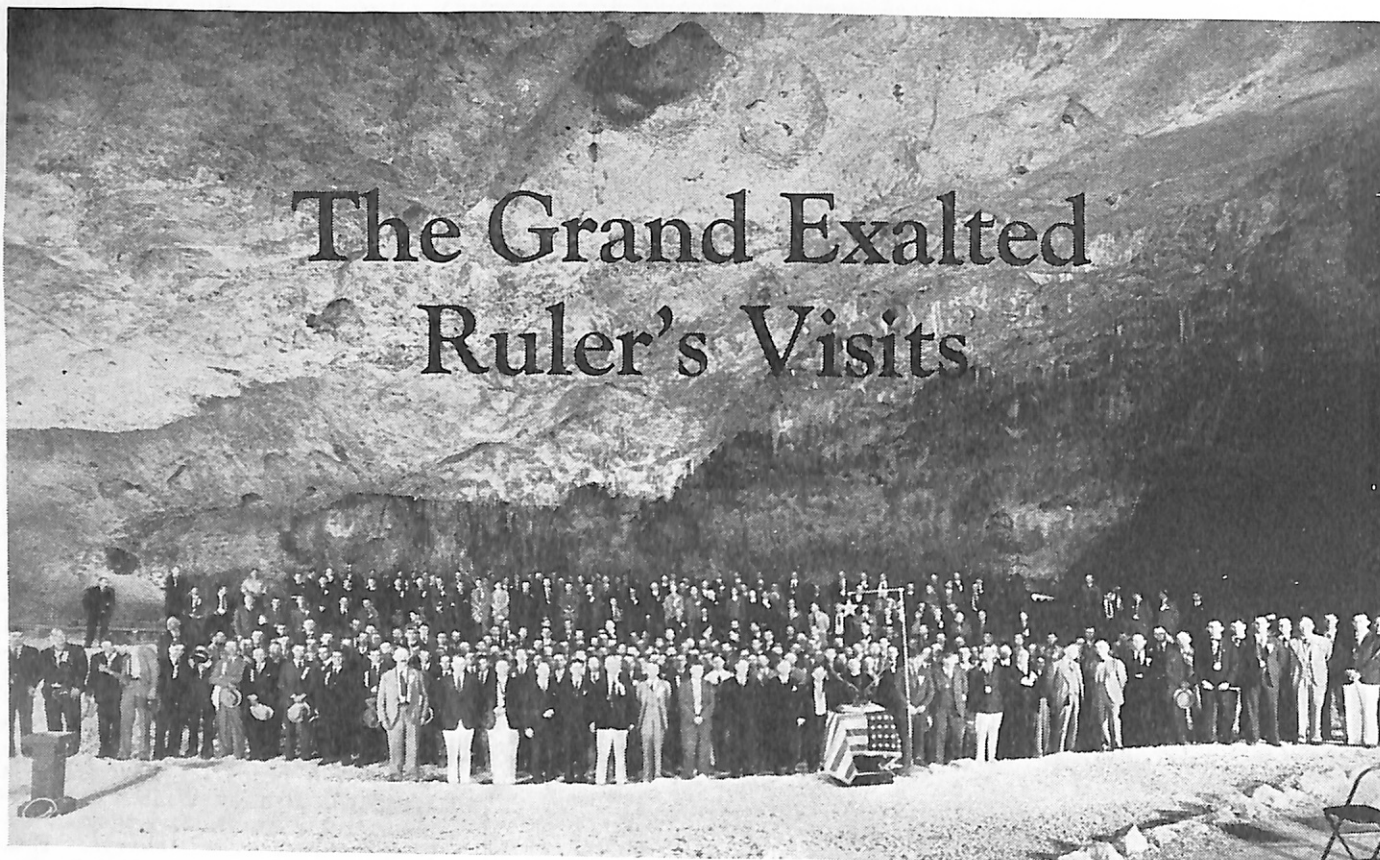
Sixteen crippled children of Ilion and Frankfort, N. Y., were given an outing this year by Ilion Lodge No. 1444, whose work for crippled children is one of its foremost activities. While this was the smallest number of guests the Ilion Elks have ever feted on such an occasion, an annual one, it was rather a cause for rejoicing, inasmuch as many heretofore entertained have been completely cured. During the day the Elks donated the sum of \$10 for the purchase of a brace for young James Woodard. Bentley Williams, Chairman, and Mrs. B. J. Kelley, Vice-Chairman, were in charge. E.R. William F. Remmers, P.D.D. Dr. E. B. Manion, Frank Lanter, and a number of Ilion and Frankfort ladies also accompanied the children.

The party left the Lodge Home at 10 o'clock in the morning, making the first stop at a popcorn stand. A staggering amount of refreshments, donated by local merchants or supplied by members of the Lodge, included fresh milk and soft drinks by the case, fruits, cold meats—in fact, everything in the way of food calculated to keep youngsters, spending a whole day in the open air, from being hungry. The mid-day meal was served at Richfield Springs where the picnic party was entertained by Louis Martin. (Continued on page 56)

The Elks float which won a first prize in Findlay, Ohio's golden celebration of the discovery of oil and gas



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Above is a view of the initiation ceremonies held by Carlsbad, N. Mex., Lodge in Carlsbad Cavern in the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler

GRAND EXALTED RULER CHARLES SPENCER HART held his Regional Conference at Hastings, Neb., with District Deputies Paul N. Kirk, Grand Island, Nebraska, West; Lloyd E. Peterson, Nebraska City, Nebraska, East; John E. Larson, Ottawa, Kansas, East; Harold J. Schafer, McPherson, Kansas, West; Robert C. Turner, Sioux City, Iowa, West; Hervey G. Tarbell, Watertown, South Dakota; B. L. Ellis, Trenton, Missouri, East, and Howard B. Bloedorn, Fort Morgan, Colorado, North, State and Lodge officers and Past District Deputies. Mr. Hart was introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain of Fairbury, Neb. Mr. Hart's Secretary, P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, of Bayonne, N. J., accompanied him on his western trip.

The Convention of the Nebraska State Elks Association was held in Hastings—September 8-9-10. The Grand Exalted Ruler was the principal speaker at the meeting and also at the banquet held in the City Auditorium. Mr. Rain and retiring State Pres. Judge James M. Fitzgerald of Omaha, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight and a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, also spoke.

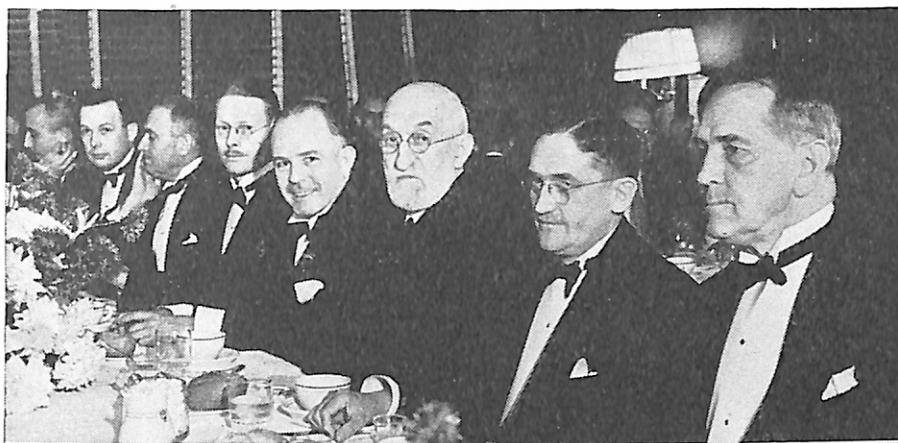
The officers of Hastings Lodge No. 159, headed by E.R. C. E. McCaffery, and the State Association officers alike showed their appreciation of having the highest officer of the Order as their guest at this time. Many of the visitors were men prominent in the Order.

In the Home of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, on September 14, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart delivered an impressive address to a large audience of members of the Order and State and Church dignitaries on the duties of the citizenry in upholding and preserving the standards of Americanism. Mayor E. B. Erwin extended the city's hearty welcome to the distinguished guest. Brief remarks were made by Heber J. Grant, President of the L. D. S. Church, and Dr. E. E. Monson, Secretary of State. Brig. Gen. Walter C. Sweeney, Commandant at Fort Douglas, described the efforts of the army to cooperate with civic organizations in the observation of Constitution Week.

At the meeting following the banquet held by the Lodge, Mr. Hart's talk was his official message to the local and visiting Elks who packed the Lodge rooms. Previous to the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered two radio addresses and was guest of honor and principal speaker at the banquet, one of the most brilliant affairs ever held in the city. P.E.R. James W. Collins was Toastmaster. Salt Lake City Lodge is in line with the other Lodges of the Order in a wholehearted endorsement of the Grand Exalted Ruler's laudable program calling for the earnest endeavor of subordinate Lodges to make the safety of the road an actuality. The Salt Lake officers conferred with Mayor Erwin on a traffic safety campaign in which city police and the local membership were plan-

ning to cooperate.

Highly important was the Regional Conference held in Salt Lake City by the Grand Exalted Ruler in which he conferred with his District Deputies. Those present were: Utah, John Beal, Cedar City; Wyoming, Harry G. Theede, Greybull; Colorado: South, R. P. Lewis, La Junta; Central, Arthur C. Mink, Canon City; West, O. A. Ehrigott, Delta; Montana: East, H. C. Olcott, Red Lodge, "Beartooth"; West, Ernest A. Peterson, Bozeman; Idaho: South, Milton E. Zener, Pocatello. P.E.R. George H. Llewellyn, Salt Lake City, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and former Grand Esquire Joseph P. Shevlin, of Denver, also attended. Entertainment for the Grand Exalted Ruler at Salt Lake City began at 8 A.M. with a breakfast in the Hotel Utah tendered by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. This was followed by the usual scenic tour of the wonder places of the vicinity on which he was accompanied by a large party including his Secretary, Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne, N. J., Lodge; E.R. T. N. Baldwin, Salt Lake City, and the following Salt Lake Past Exalted Rulers: Past Grand Tiler E. W. Kelly; Harry S. Joseph, former member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; Past State Pres. Paul V. Kelly; P.D.D. W. H. Nightingale; D. E. Lambourne, and W. B. Roberts. The trip included a visit to Bingham, the location of Utah's famous surface copper mine, the Mormon Church Grounds, Fort



Left: Major Hart and prominent members of Salt Lake City Lodge at the banquet given there in his honor.



Below, left: Major Hart and members of Rome, N. Y., Lodge at his Conference there. Also in the picture are Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, State Pres. Stephen McGrath and Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee

Douglas, Magna, Saltair and the Municipal Airport. During his visit, Mr. Hart was also introduced and warmly welcomed by members of the Rotary Club meeting on Tuesday in the Hotel Utah.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, escorted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier and John E. Drummey, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, both of Seattle, attended a luncheon meeting at Kelso with the members of Kelso and Longview Lodges on September 16. Mr. Hart gave a fine talk during the luncheon at which E.R. R. H. DeLap presided. About 80 members of the Order were present.

The party then drove to Aberdeen where a special Statewide evening meeting was preceded by a banquet

held in the gymnasium of the Home of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593. Twenty-three Washington Lodges were represented in the crowd of 550 Elks who assembled to honor the Grand Exalted Ruler and to witness the presentation by him to Miss Sylvia Karjalainen of the \$300 award won by her in the national Elks scholarship contest.

The meeting was presided over by Mr. Meier. Mr. Hart's speech was delivered before one of the largest and most enthusiastic all-Elk gatherings that he had addressed on his trip. The three District Deputies of Washington were present, besides E.R. Jack Rehm and the Aberdeen officers and many other prominent Elks including officers of the Washington State Elks Association. The Elks

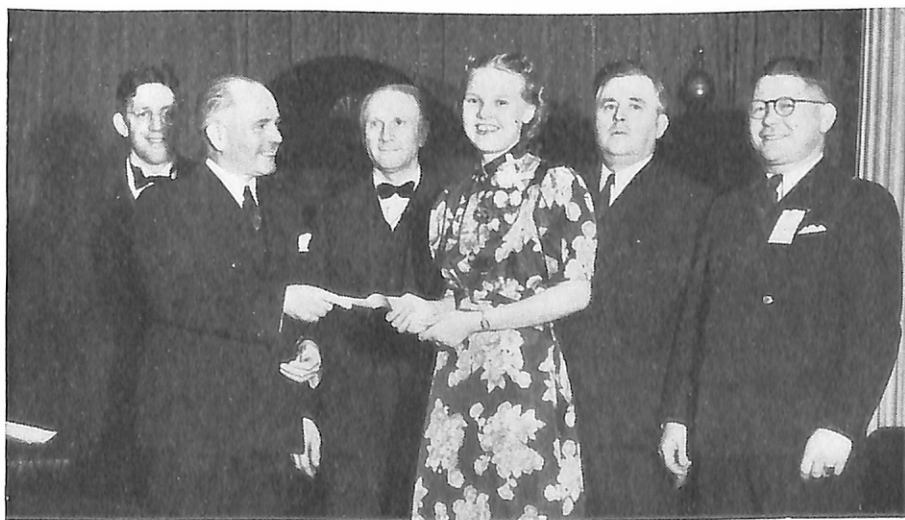
Patrol formed an honor guard for the Grand Exalted Ruler and the former Aberdeen high school girl who was introduced by P.E.R. Carl Johnson. The Elks Orchestra directed by William Appleyard played during the banquet and meeting.

Portland, Ore., Elks entertained Mr. Hart from September 17th to the 19th. The Grand Exalted Ruler attended a special meeting in the Home of Portland Lodge No. 142 and held a Regional Conference with Elk leaders of the section among whom were Mr. Meier and Mr. Drummey; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight C. C. Bradley, Portland; Frank J. Lonergan, Portland, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; John W. Flanagan, Marshfield, Pres. of the Oregon State Elks Assn.; Past Pres. Harrie O. Bohlke, Yakima, and Secy. Louis B. Romine, Walla Walla, of the Wash. State Elks Assn., and the following District Deputies: Oregon: North, John E. Allen, Pendleton; South, Harry B. Ruth, Eugene; Washington: Northeast, George C. Newell, Seattle; East, Joe T. Webster, Walla Walla; Southwest, Robert T. Storey, Hoquiam; Idaho: North, John A. Bever, Wallace. Mr. Hart received pledges of cooperation from individuals and the various delegations that left no doubt in his mind that his program would be well carried out by the Lodges of the Northwestern group.

IN his address before the members of San Francisco, Calif. Lodge, No. 3, and visiting Elks of Northern California, during his two-day visit, September 20-22, the Grand Exalted Ruler outlined the three-fold plan of the national campaign that the Order is undertaking this year. Mr. Hart was introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott of San Francisco Lodge. R. B. Mueller, Susanville, District Deputy for Calif., North, and Sam J. McKee, San Francisco, District Deputy for

(Continued on page 52)

Left: Major Hart presents to Miss Sylvia Karjalainen the scholarship award of \$300 made by the Elks National Foundation. Also present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier; John E. Drummey, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; H. Sanford Saari, Pres. of the Washington State Elks Assn., and E.R. Jack Rehm





Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler's banquet held during the 35th Wisconsin State Elks Assn. Convention in Madison

COLORADO

Due to the fact that the National Reunion was held in Denver this summer, no regular convention was planned for this year by the Colorado State Elks Association. A special meeting was held, however, on July 12 in the Home of Denver Lodge No. 17. It was one of the best in years, and was distinguished by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, who addressed the gathering. Other prominent officials of the Order who attended were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and John R. Coen, Sterling, Colo.; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis B. Brewer, Casper, Wyo.; Grand Chaplain Arthur O. Sykes, Lyons, N. Y., Lodge; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Dr. Lloyd R. Allen, Colorado Springs; Past State Pres.'s Milton L. Anfenger, Denver, who was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight at the National Convention, Byron Albert, Fort Collins, Chairman of the State Association Committee for Colorado, Henry D. Tobey, Boulder, and W. V. Roberts, Fort Collins, who has attended every one of the 34 annual meetings of the Association; D.D. R. P. Lewis, La Junta; Kenneth A. Johnson, Aide to Grand Esquire Jacob L. Sherman; E.R. Irwin B. Rogers, Trinidad; R. W. Mills, Fond du Lac, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association; J. F. Sherry, Wisconsin, and J. H. Dickbrader, Washington, Mo., President of the Missouri State Elks Association.

The Association voted to buy National Foundation Certificates and to continue in the work of meeting boys at the gates of the Industrial School

at the time of their release and assisting them in getting the right kind of start. The 1938 Convention will take place in Ouray, situated "above the clouds" and noted for its beautiful scenic setting, with Ouray Lodge No. 492 acting as official host. Four or five regional meetings will be held during the coming year.

Henry B. Zanella, Ouray Lodge, was elected President, W. P. Hurley, Fort Collins, Secretary, and W. R. Patterson, Greeley, Treasurer.

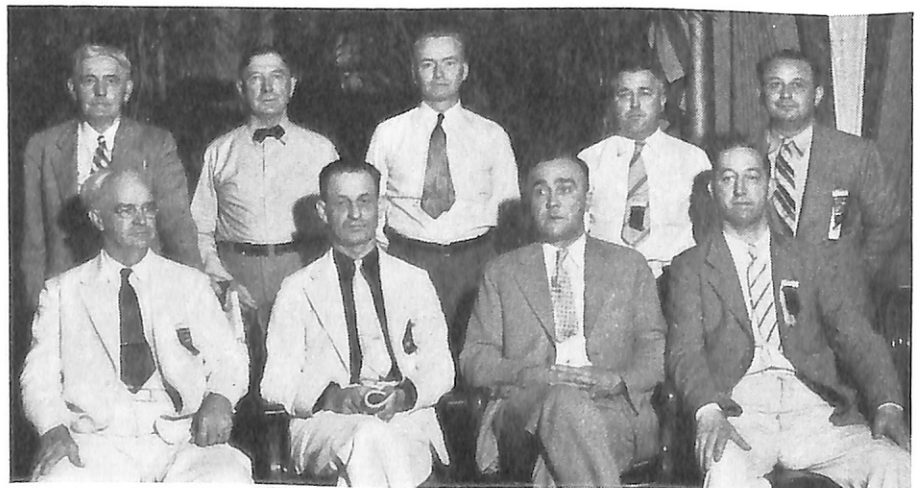
WASHINGTON

Ten Past Presidents, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier of Seattle, were in attendance at the Annual Convention held in Bellingham, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 29-30-31, by the Washington State Elks Association. John E. Drummey, Seattle, Chairman

of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, also attended. Visiting Elks from 10 other States and from Alaska were present in addition to the delegations from Washington Lodges. The Past Presidents registered besides Mr. Meier were Roland G. Gamwell, Horace H. Griggs and Paul Wells, all of Bellingham; Frank Cooper, Everett; Russell V. Mack and Emory B. Linsley, Aberdeen; A. W. Tenney and Dwight S. Hawley, Ballard, and George Secord, Kelso. The impressive number of 1,850 registered delegates was included in the total attendance of 3,500.

(Continued on page 54)

Below: Officers of the Wisconsin State Elks Assn. posed for a photograph immediately following their election at the organization's 35th Annual Convention in Madison





A Serpent Shall Bite Him

(Continued from page 13)



they come any tougher than this bird Butch Geogahan of th' Combat Train, I, personally, wouldn't want to have any truck with 'em." Young Silewski was middleweight champion of the regiment.

"Quiet, Recruit," Smoky Davis said patiently. "Maybe you can observe that I'm carryin' on a discourse. Well, this Pete is some handy with his fists an' he turns out for th' fight squad. He don't know an awful lot about th' science of th' game but he learns fast an'—like I told you—he has got a streak of mean in him some place.

"They enter him in th' inter-regimental fights an' he piles up six straight wins an' a doubtful draw to become middleweight champion of th' regiment. Then they take him down town an' he fills th' ring full of gloves an' prone figures an', when th' resin dust has cleared away somewhat, I'll be doggoned if this Pete don't emerge as division champion in his weight.

"Well, th' outfit liked th' idea of a division champion all right, but it seems like even th' wearin' of th' belt couldn't endear this Pete to most of 'em. For one thing this Pete now was about as shy an' retirin' as th' noon sun on a clear day an' that didn't set so well comin' from a recruit as green as—well, say, young Silewski here."

Young Silewski made disrespectful sounds with his lips and hunched himself deeper into his magazine as Smoky Davis cocked an eye toward the switchboard. Smoky was fond of the lad but he liked to ride him a little now and then.

"To go back to th' story, Loo-tenant. Th' gun swabbers from Cor-regidor have hung up th' Island championship for three straight years, but now, with th' help of this Pete an' others, it looks as though th' boxin' cup might come back to Manila. Howsomever, cockiness an' overconfidence has lost more than one fight which looked to be in th' bag, so Uncle John Bowen, who was top-kick of th' outfit at th' time, sets himself down to do some figurin'. When his ideas is arranged proper he climbs into a *calesa* an' goes down to see Mike Finn at th' Civic Arena—this same Mike Finn bein' a particular friend of Uncle John's.

"A fine day it is, Uncle John," Mike says.

"A matter of opinion," Uncle John tells him. "I have a boy who is handy with his fists but who is

prideful beyond all endurin'."

"I have seen many such, Uncle John, an' an abomination they are. What is it that I can do for you?"

"It comes to my mind that a good lickin' would do much to correct th' lad. Have you, by chance, a boy who could deliver such?"

"Tis a strange coincidence, Uncle John, but Australian Bart Dolliver comes in on th' boat Saturday a week to engage in fisticuffs with some of th' local lads. I could put your boy on with him on th' seventeenth—th' same being three weeks from tomorrow night."

"A fair answer," Uncle John tells him. "It will give this Pete ten days to rest up before he meets young Fingo for th' championship."

"A rest is what he'll need, I'm thinkin'."

"Tis kind of a dirty trick, Mike," Uncle John says thoughtful, "but a championship is a championship an' then, too, th' lad has got a streak of meanness in him somewhere an' I figure to get it knocked out of him or else."

"Mike Finn said, 'Twill be or else, all right. This Australian Bart Dolliver is so tough that he scratches th' sidewalk as he walks along. Would you be carin' for a beer, Uncle John?"

"I would that," Uncle John answers him, an' the deed is perpetrated."

Smoky Davis sifted tobacco flakes into a folded paper and licked the flap shut. He cocked his head a little to one side to listen, but the night was still quiet. Later, perhaps, there would be the sullen drone of many planes.

"Well, sir, it didn't take th' word long to get around th' barracks an' there was considerable satisfaction around an' about that this Pete was goin' to get what was comin' to him at last. Not that it bothered this Pete any. He was worse than ever—if such a thing was possible.

"Blondy Waddell had seen Australian Bart Dolliver fight in 'Frisco two years before an', on the day when Bart was to come in, Blondy goes down to th' boat to see is the Australian as good as he had remembered. Late in th' afternoon Blondy comes back full of beer an' elation an' he meets this Pete in front of th' barracks.

"Hah!" Blondy says, "come Wednesday a week an' I am goin' to laugh very hard. Pete, you ask me am I goin' to laugh very hard come Wed-

nesday a week."

"Are you goin' to laugh very hard?" this Pete asks Blondy very agreeable.

"When you climb in th' ring with this Australian Bart Dolliver I am goin' to laugh so very hard that I expect I may be sick for one week, Pete."

"Well, start laughin' now," this Pete tells him. "Then maybe you will be over laughin' sooner," an' he hits Blondy where Blondy had been puttin' beer all afternoon. Loo-tenant, there sure was a streak of mean in that bird, Pete."

Smoky Davis paused for a moment and grinned across the shadows. A human man and the best first sergeant in a regiment of good top-kicks.

I said, "It's amazing how cussed a man can get."

"Yeah," Smoky agreed. "Well, this Pete got worse in th' ten days before th' fight, Loo-tenant. He was a regular ringtailed monkey. Then one night he got into a crap game down in one of th' other regiments an', his luck bein' runnin', he cleaned up heavy. It was maybe nine o'clock when he comes into the dayroom with his hat tipped over one eye an' a grin on his face. He was a handsome feller—but maybe I told you that before."

I could believe it—First Sergeant Gullion, fuming in the muddy water across the way, was still a handsome man. There were those who claimed that Bridget Gullion had once been something extra special to look at, too—with that red hair of hers and the devil in her Irish eyes. Smoky Davis was going on.

"Well, this Pete stands there in th' dayroom an' he says, very polite, 'Seein' as you sunshiners is as filled with sportin' blood as a cracker is with water, I don't suppose that any of you would be interested in takin' a little bet on th' fight between me an' this Australian Bart Dolliver come next Wednesday? While I am not th' man to bet on a certainty, still I fancy myself considerable in th' comin' brawl."

"How much of a bet, you tin-horn?" Joe Wallack yells at him in a tone of voice.

"I have got two hundred pesos which I will be very glad to put upon th' line," this Pete says an' he smiles very sweet and goes out.

"Joe Wallack adorns th' air with quite some language havin' put in two hitches in th' cavalry an' bein'

gifted along them lines anyway. He says, 'If that such-an'-such gets away with this I'll never be able to go home an' look my poor old daddy in th' face again. I figure I, personally, can scrape together forty pesos.'

"Put me down for twenty," Blondy Waddell chimes in.

"Well, it wasn't too long after payday an' there was still a goodish bit of money left in th' outfit an' Joe Wallack didn't have too much trouble gatherin' together th' necessary two hundred. He finds this Pete layin' on his bunk th' next afternoon, lookin' up at the ceilin' an' smilin' an' whistlin' himself a nice little ditty about an indiscreet lady in Jericho.

"You thus-an'-so," Joe Wallack addresses him, 'here is th' two hundred that says that Australian Bart Dolliver stomps you so deep into th' ground that a derrick couldn't pull you out. Uncle John Bowen will hold th' stakes.'

"This Pete don't move but lays there smilin' sweetly. 'Why, Sergeant,' he says—Joe Wallack was senior duty sergeant at th' time—'Two hundred? Sounds as though you're afraid to give me a few odds! Tch! Tch! Shame on you, Sergeant, an' you so sure of winnin' and all! No, sir, I'm afraid that I am not interested.'

"Joe Wallack almost chokes an' his language is a wonderful thing to listen to. After a minute or two he finally manages to ask, 'What odds do you want, you unmentionable?'

"Six hundred against my two, Sergeant.'

"Why, you . . .'

"This Pete says, 'Tin-horn to you, Sergeant,' and he smiles benign an' turns over an' goes to sleep.

"Well, Lutenant, th' upshot of it was that th' boys gathered th' six hundred pesos an' they handed it to Uncle John Bowen an' this Pete covered it with his own two hundred. You couldn't have raised another *centavo* in that outfit with a vacuum cleaner, but Blondy Waddell says that this Australian Bart Dolliver couldn't lose if he was to fight in a wheel chair an' so the thing was set."

Smoky Davis stopped and lounged to his feet to step out into the night and listen. I joined him. The clouds had scattered and the moon had broken through—a golden orange which hung above the Koolau and tipped the hill tops with a pale silver. Only the faint sigh of the wind broke the quiet.

Smoky Davis said, "I have traveled here an' there, but I ain't never seen anything to beat an Oahu night."

"You think they'll come over?" I asked him. I had a profound respect for Smoky's judgment.

He squinted at the sky and held a finger up to test the wind before he answered. "Raids, maybe," he said then. "Th' clouds bein' so will make it easy for 'em an' hard for us. It is my belief that they will start nothin' before daybreak."

We went back into the tent and Smoky looked at the C.P. log across young Silewski's shoulder and then came back to squat with his back against the tent pole while he made himself another of his innumerable cigarets.

"This Pete?" I reminded him.

He grinned at me across the match flame. "It was something awful, Lutenant. This Pete hit Australian Bart Dolliver three times in th' first round an' th' fight was over. Th' outfit was stony broke an' there was some talk of lynchin' Blondy Waddell but it didn't come to nothin'.

"As you maybe might have suspected this Pete was considerable worse than ever after that. He strutted more than somewhat an' he made it a point to sit in th' canteen an' drink beer in sight of all th' thirsty lads who was drinkin' no beer because they had put three to one odds on Australian Bart Dolliver. Whenever this Pete would call for his glass to be filled up he would thank all an' sundry very polite. Joe Wallack's language got to be awe inspirin'.

"Howsomever, this Pete didn't find it all easy sailin'. In spite of his sudden affluence, so to speak, Bridget began to exhibit a certain

coolness towards him. At first it was nothin' that you could put your finger on—they was still seen together at th' Santa Anna on occasion, but Bridget was also reported as bein' at the aquarium again with her hand on Dusty's arm an' more than somewhat of an affectionate light in them green eyes of hers. It was th' day before this Pete was to fight young Fingo for th' championship of th' Philippines that th' blow-off come.

"It was in th' morning an' they was ridin' along the Luneta in a *calesa*—this Pete an' Bridget—at th' time, you see. At first, it had been fun an' this Pete hadn't meant a thing by it. He had gone out after her because she was as pretty as a little red cow an' because she was Dusty's girl—this Pete havin' a streak of mean in him. Howsomever, now he finds out that he is head over tin cup in love with the gal an' she is slippin' away from him. It was contrary to this Pete's nature to beg, but, Lutenant, he begged that mornin'.

"He says to her, 'I will cut out th' rough stuff, darlin'. I am a good soldier an' Uncle John Bowen knows that I am a good soldier. Two, maybe three months, and I will have my stripes. We will be married in th' Cathedral with organ music an' all th' fixin's.'

"She shakes that red head of hers.

"I like you, Pete,' she tells him slow. 'Sometimes I'm afraid to think just how much I like you—but marry you I will not.'

"And why not?" this Pete wants to know. He knows now how Dusty felt when he hit him in th' middle some months before.

"She reaches over an' pats his hand an' turns them high voltage eyes of hers on him until this Pete is like to burn himself up with the desire of her. 'There is something hard in you—something kind of ruthless,' she answers him. 'You always win. A woman cannot love a man who always wins—she wants to comfort her man sometimes when he is beaten. This will be goodbye, Pete.'

"Well, he argued some but it wasn't no use, an' this Pete went into the smoker next night with a look in his eye which boded no good for young Fingo from Corregidor, as th' papers put it."

The switchboard buzzed again and young Silewski pushed in his master plug and listened while he jotted down times in his log. He lighted a cigaret, then, and turned around to say, "O. P.'s all reported okay on three A.M. check. Everything quiet."

Smoky Davis nodded and lifted a forefinger to



"Hello, Mr. Roberts—You need a haircut."

scratch thoughtfully at an ear. His smile was whimsical across the uneasy shadows of the tent.

"It was quite a fight, Lootenant, while it lasted. This young Fingo was some better than had been first supposed an' he floored this Pete twice in th' first round an' cut his left eye an' did various other pieces of damage to his features. The second round th' two of them went at it hammer an' tongs with th' crowd standin' on their chairs an' th' Arena as crazy a bedlam of sound as you would ever care to hear. Th' referee had to part th' two of them when the bell came.

"**W**ELL, they came out for th' last round with this Pete more than a shade behind by virtue of them two first round knockdowns. Young Fingo plants a left hand solid on this Pete's jaw an' the crowd figures that it's all over as this Pete's knees are wobblin' and there is a glassy look to his eyes. He stands there for a second lookin' at nothin' in particular while young Fingo comes across th' ring to polish him off. Then a voice comes up out of that uproar.

"*'Get him, Pete!'* it says. *'Get him for me!'*

"It is the Bridget girl, standin' on a chair with her hair flyin' wild an' the light of battle in her eyes. Lootenant, she was a picture that night! Well, sir, this Pete heard her an' he acted like he had been jabbed with a needle. Young Fingo was comin' in careless an' this Pete put a right hand on young Fingo's chin that started from th' floor an' brought the middle-weight championship of th' Philippine Islands back to Manila then an' there. It was a pretty punch, sir!

"The crowd was goin' wild, as you can well imagine—jumpin' up an' down an' hammerin' each other on th' back—an' it was a minute before anybody noticed that this Pete has climbed out of th' ring and is pushin' through to where Bridget was. This Pete stops in front of her.

"**H**E wasn't an awful lot to look at then, as he stood there with his nose knocked some crooked an' blood still tricklin' down from his cut eye, but he was wearin' that impudent grin an' he was as cocky as ever. A handsome man as maybe I have mentioned.

"*'I did it for you, darlin','* he says, *'Will you marry me now? I'm th' champion of th' Islands—all of 'em!'*

"Well, sir, it was a funny thing. This Pete hadn't noticed, but Dusty had been sittin' there quiet all th' time an' now he gets up onto his feet. His face is kind of quiet about th' mouth an' his voice is scared.

"*'You claim to be champion of th' Islands?'* he asks slow.

"*'I do, punk,'* this Pete tells him with his chin stuck out.

"*'You have not fought me yet!'* Dusty says, an' he hits this Pete on th' chin and knocks him across a row of seats an' out into th' aisle where he lays an' listens to th' birdies sing for some minutes."

I made sounds indicating disapproval of such conduct but Smoky Davis chewed imperturbably on a match stick while he made himself a fresh cigaret.

"That made it all even," he explained after a little. "Maybe you will recall, Lootenant, that this Pete had dealt out one such similar punch to Dusty with little if any more provocation."

"I still don't like it."

"Oh, well," he told me, "I reckon that it is a matter of opinion. I, myself, have always felt that it was a neat bit of work. But to go on. When this Pete wakes up they have hustled Dusty away an' this Pete finds that he is layin' with his head in Bridget's lap while she makes cooin' sounds over him.

"*'Darlin','* she says to him.

"Well, this Pete smiles at her contented an' squeezes her hand an' goes on back to sleep again. He had had a busy day, all in all.

"**I**T'S a funny thing. Lootenant. This Pete was a changed man after that. Maybe it took th' meanness out of him. He had two hundred pesos left an' he threw a big beer party for th' outfit an', after a while, they got to thinkin' that maybe they had

misjudged this Pete. Later he got his stripes."

"Bridget's influence?" I asked.

Smoky Davis didn't answer. The switchboard had buzzed again and young Silewski was speaking softly into the transmitter. He turned, then, with a cigaret dangling limply from his lower lip.

"That was th' Battalion C.P.," he said. "Th' operator just told me that 'A' Battery has reported in that their communications are all okay."

"What?" I asked. "It's not possible!"

Then I saw Smoky Davis grinning a little sheepishly and I guessed the answer. He blew smoke through his nostrils and walked with me out into the moonlight.

"**F**IRST SERGEANT GULLION is a stubborn an' bull-headed man," he said, "but he did me a favor once. When I saw 'em layin' that wire in th' gulch I had our own wirin' party lay another line across th' hills. Corporal Bender went up tonight and showed 'em where to hook everything in."

I was slightly dazed. I said, "A favor! Do you call it a favor for a man to behave the way this Pete did and steal your girl into the bargain?"

Smoky Davis squinted into the moonlight and held up a finger to test the wind again. It was going on toward four o'clock now and we could expect an attack at any time from now on.

Smoky said gently, "Maybe you have gotten this thing wrong, sir. You are acquainted with Mrs. First Sergeant Gullion, Lootenant?"

"I am," I told him.

"A fine an' an upstandin' woman, but a ball an' chain if ever there was one. First Sergeant Gullion does not so much as dare to lift his voice in his own house."

"I still don't see where the favor comes in," I told him stubbornly. "Suppose you tell me."

"First Sergeant Gullion used to be called Dusty in them days, Lootenant. He married Bridget in the Cathedral on the afternoon before th' fight *after* she had turned down this Pete out there on th' Luneta. Maybe you ain't ever noticed, Lootenant, but th' middle name on my service record happens to be Peter—which is sometimes short for Pete."

From the tent young Silewski was calling, "Hey, Sarge! It's just come through! All lights stand by! Enemy planes just reported on th' way!"

"Yea, verily," Smoky Davis murmured as we went back to the switchboard, "a serpent shall bite him."



"His wife just had twins."

The Fool of Cannery Row

(Continued from page 9)

but he hesitated to turn on his lamp until he had touched bottom. Only as he reached things could he see them, and then they were magnified beyond their size. A mackerel a few inches from his face appeared like a small barracuda. A jelly fish, apparently descending with him, reminded him of the great Arctic Medusas reputed to be a hundred feet long. Through the diminishing light he caught the outline of shadows gliding in both a vertical and horizontal flight, in the never ceasing pursuit of the weak by the strong. For life in the Monterey waters is so dense the perpetual struggle for food assures existence to only the strongest or the most subtle. Whether worm, starfish, crustacean or mollusk; whether plant feeders, attached forms or burrowers in the mud, the law of the survival of the fittest prevails underseas even more inexorably than it does in the jungle.

THE descent seemed interminable to Gar. The air roared through his helmet, the weight of the sea pressed down on him and threatened to crush him. He opened the exhaust valve on his helmet to ease his head of the excess of oxygen, and then closed it to inflate his suit against the tons of water that bore down on him.

The afternoon was waning, and the water was murky. The only light now came from the submarine lamp. Gar's eyes strained into the wall of water weakly illuminated by the diffused beam. It was thick with drifting particles, and the presence of long seaweeds was a sign that he was nearing bottom, and a rocky bottom. For the sea floor, unlike the soil on land, is inhospitable to plants. Therefore, seaweeds attach themselves to rocks, and obtain all their nourishment from the substances in the water.

Gar found a footing, and as he pressed forward, bits of dead fish rose in a dense cloud around him. He was touching an inshore dumping ground. He had never before come upon one, although he knew that when the fishermen bring in more fish than the canneries require they are dumped back into the bay again. It has then become a cargo of dead fish instead of live. Some of it gets sanded in, some is held down by the mats of seaweed, and some of it floats to the surface. Recurring fresh loads of this excess have made a

residue of muck that finds a constant drift upward.

Gar was down in ninety feet of water. His only means of direction depended on his distance line. That was a rope coiled on his arm with a weight at the end of it. He placed the weight in the depression of a rock covered with red algae, and letting out a few feet of the rope, he started to circle. Except for his submarine lamp he was in complete darkness. There was black water above the beam, black water below it. Round and round the weight he went, each time enlarging the circle. In places the muck was shoulder high, and everywhere his progress was impeded by the outcropping of rocks. They threatened to foul his air hose as well as to check his forward motion. Time and again he had to turn back and free his distance line. Ivan above was carefully controlling his air hose and life line, keeping them taut, but easy. Ivan had had the bends because his tender had let out too much slack, and his air hose had fouled on a rock. It had ruined him as a diver, but it had made him into the most reliable tender on the Coast.

THE ebb tide was strengthening. Gar was beginning to feel the sweep of it against him. He put his hand on the smooth side of a rock, and felt the rock shiver. In the light of his lamp a large brown head turned, and he was staring into the eyes of a sea lion. From his previous experience with these mammals he knew they are aggressive only when with pups. But he did not know whether this one was alone or not. Due to the heavy pressure of the water he could

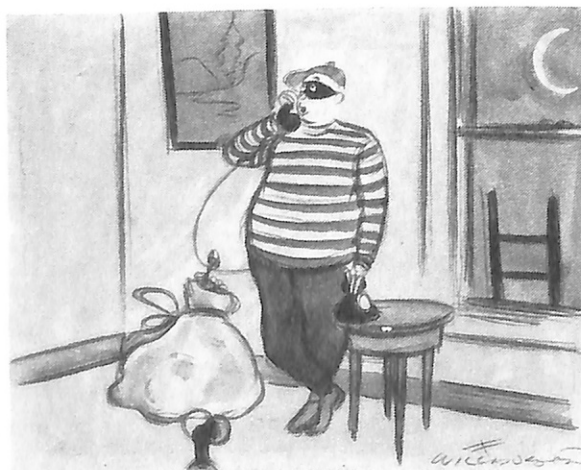
not think clearly. Underseas he knew neither past nor future. There was only the present. He took out his knife and with the slow heavy movements that hamper the diver's efforts he prodded the haft of it into the side of the sea lion. He did not want to draw blood for the smell of fresh blood travels swiftly in the water, and a horde of carnivores would soon assemble.

The sea lion slid off into the black wall of water, and its movement dislodged a mass of muck that caved in on him with a sudden and terrific pressure. He felt that his ribs must crack and collapse under the strain. But his greatest danger was that a particle of the mud might get into the exhaust and jam it. Were that to happen the inside pressure would increase until it burst his suit, and he would be squeezed to death by the water before an ascent could be made. Or he could close the inlet and suffocate.

Buried down in the silence and the blackness of the underseas the instincts that had preserved the species millions of years before again became dominant. Gar closed both valves, and began to sway back and forth, leaning his whole weight against the sheathing of mud. The air in his helmet became foul. His ears ached, his eyes strained, a heavy pounding in his head warned him that he was suffocating. But his circular movement let in a thin cone of water around him. He reached for the control valve and opened it. He tried the exhaust valve. It was unobstructed. A rush of fresh air came through. The pressure against his ribs decreased, and his breathing became more regular. His swaying body continued to widen the cone of water, and he inflated his suit against the pressure to a point where he could step out of the caved-in mud.

He had been down an hour. It was bitter cold. His hands were numb but he was able to move the weight on his distance line and start a new circle. Where there were rocks he groped for the scientist's lost instrument, where there were no rocks he trusted to find the tangle of cord with his feet. He continued to make new circles. His whole thought was concentrated on his search. He ignored both the danger and the discomfort of his surroundings. He forgot that he was buried under tons of black water with only a fragile length of tube

(Continued on page 42)



"He's not in right now. Would you care to leave a message?"



"Maybe I'll
have to
come to it"

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The Fool of Cannery Row

(Continued from page 40)

between him and death. The warmth and the pleasures of his own world were as completely wiped from his memory as if he had never known them. By his iron nerve and his force of will he had narrowed down his motive for existence to one single effort—to find the scientist's instrument.

DR. ARTHUR PALLER sat in the diving boat with his watch in his hand. No one had spoken to him for over an hour. The four men on duty paid as little attention to him as if he were not there. If they spoke at all it was only in monosyllables, and only to one another. Their faces were drawn into tight lines. Their whole thought was with the submerged diver groping his slow, painful way down in the depths of the crushing seas.

Daylight was slipping from the Monterey Peninsula. On the far shores of the bay the Santa Cruz mountains had turned to misted turquoise, and in the pale green sky over Point Pinos were massed magenta clouds whipped into sharp ovals by an upper current of wind. Arthur watched the colors fade down to a velvety gray. With the waning light came a gusty breeze that slapped the surface of the water into short waves. Arthur shivered. He was cramped and cold. He wanted to beat his hands, and stamp his legs to restore circulation. He looked at the other men whose hard and wrapt attention to their work had not wavered for a moment. They too must be cold, they too must be cramped and tired. He stared down into the chill water where the diver had been submerged for an hour and a half. Except for his threads of line he was as inaccessible as if he had entered another world. And yet he was less than a hundred feet away. Arthur recalled Ivan's recital of possible calamities underseas. He could not regard them as incredible. He knew that in the vast space of the ocean waters, stretching for thousands of miles in every direction as well as in depth, there were probably unknown monsters, and that one should occasionally drift into the rich inshore fishing banks was quite likely. The fishing banks are kitchen cupboard to others than man. The deep-sea diver had penetrated one of the two great laboratories for food. He was again in that element which the human race had left millions of years ago, but to which the race must inevitably return. Arthur idly traced the path traveled by man from the slimes of receding seas to the conquest of the air, and reasoned that the intelligence which had brought him out

to the pleasant existence on land was the very force that was impelling him back to his original home. For the only two sources of food are agriculture and fisheries, and when every forest has been felled and the downpour of rains sweeps the soil and its cover from the ribs of the earth; when the inshore fishing banks are as barren of food as the ravaged and desolated fields; when the day dawns on a land that has reverted to great masses of rock without a trace of soil or living vegetation, then must man descend into the sea for his sustenance, and himself become the pursued as well as the pursuer. And this tremendous exploitation of the fish, as well as the destruction of the protective forests, even Arthur's own five years of intense mental effort to perfect his invention, were all merely accelerating the pace to the sea.

ARTHUR, for the first time in five years, now considered his work from another angle. The purpose of his machine was to deplete the water of sardines faster than the fishermen were doing it—to overcome the handicap of moonlight and distance. It would be of value to the packers. That was why he had worked on it. To reduce the costs of production. He recalled the scene of that morning's experiment. He was standing in the boat with the men whom Gar had called the two kings of Cannery Row, Mr. Leo Raffid and Mr. Samuel Stand. They were wondering where to make the experiment.

"The closer in, the better," said Arthur. "As this experiment will interest you gentlemen only from the financial aspect, and as your costs are largely affected by the distance traveled, we will make our experiment inside the bell buoy—or, as you might say, right in your own back yard."

"Good enough," remarked Mr. Raffid, in a voice that rumbled up from his stomach. "Show us fish inside the bell buoy and we'll play ball with you, professor."

"You understand," explained Arthur, "this instrument does not produce fish in itself. If the fish are there it will locate them. If they are not there you will have opportunity to know it. Frequently the fishing boats in seeking heavy runs of sardine will pass over an area where the fish are idly circling about or merely drifting. This instrument will register not only the location of the school, but also its density."

"If the fish wouldn't be inside the bell buoy where would we have to go?" asked Mr. Raffid. "It's pretty early, professor, and I didn't have

my breakfast yet, and if you got to travel all over the bay to locate sardines I can't see where your invention's any better than the fishing boats."

"He knows what he's doing," interrupted Mr. Stand. "He spent five years finding out." He took a cigar case from his pocket, and selecting one from it, replaced the case in his pocket again. Then he lighted the cigar carefully. "He locates the school, and the boys let out the nets and haul in a big catch. That's all there is to it. And if you don't believe it, that's why you're here to see it. The last few years the professors have done pretty well by us. They put us on to fish oil for salad dressings and paint. They helped us swell our fertilizer profits. Myself, I'm all for the professors. And if this one shows us where the fish are, we'll do the rest."

"Yes, if he does. But remember," added Mr. Raffid in a sotto voice audible to everybody, "these profs don't all hit the bull's eyes. Some are just nuts."

The experiment had proved a failure. The instrument had registered fish and there were no fish. Arthur could not forget the unconcealed scorn and derision of the men when the nets came up empty. He had been so sure of that instrument—he was still so sure of it. When the diver brought it up, well, there could be another demonstration.

ARTHUR realized as he waited for the diver, that he was very tired. The abalone at Wong's Quick Lunch had not agreed with him. It had increased his pessimism. What if the diver couldn't find the lost instrument? Would he spend another year trying to duplicate it—two years, three years? It would be well worth it. Mr. Raffid and Mr. Stand would no doubt assure him a handsome royalty—in fact, he would demand it—for this key to bigger and quicker catches. Not but that the sardine catch was at present more than sufficient for food. Arthur knew that. It was being turned to other purposes. A heavy percentage was manufactured into paint and fertilizer, into lubricants, imitation rubber, linoleum and leather preparations, and when that time arrived when men would need fish for food alone there would be no sardines left. Over-fishing had already brought many species of life in the sea to the point of extermination. The salmon had been long since fished out on the Atlantic Coast; the mackerel was almost gone, and also the sturgeon; the American lobster and green turtle were both in grave danger of extinction. Every-

where he looked this depletion could be seen, and it could have but one end—the eventual and inevitable hunger of the human race. It was the penalty for man's greed. The handwriting was on the wall. It was everywhere. It was here in Monterey. The stockholders greedy for profits—himself greedy for recognition, for royalties—

Arthur became conscious of a stir of excitement among the crew. "He's coming up," cried Ivan. "He's coming up, he's coming up," repeated Red and Alec and Mike. Two of the tenders stood by, ready to help the diver. They were quiet men of splendid vigor and more than average intelligence. Ivan passed the lines over to them and stood up. His eyes looked out from his weary face almost as strained and bloodshot as if he himself had been underseas. He flexed his cramped arms, and then went into the cabin to warm the blankets for the incoming diver.

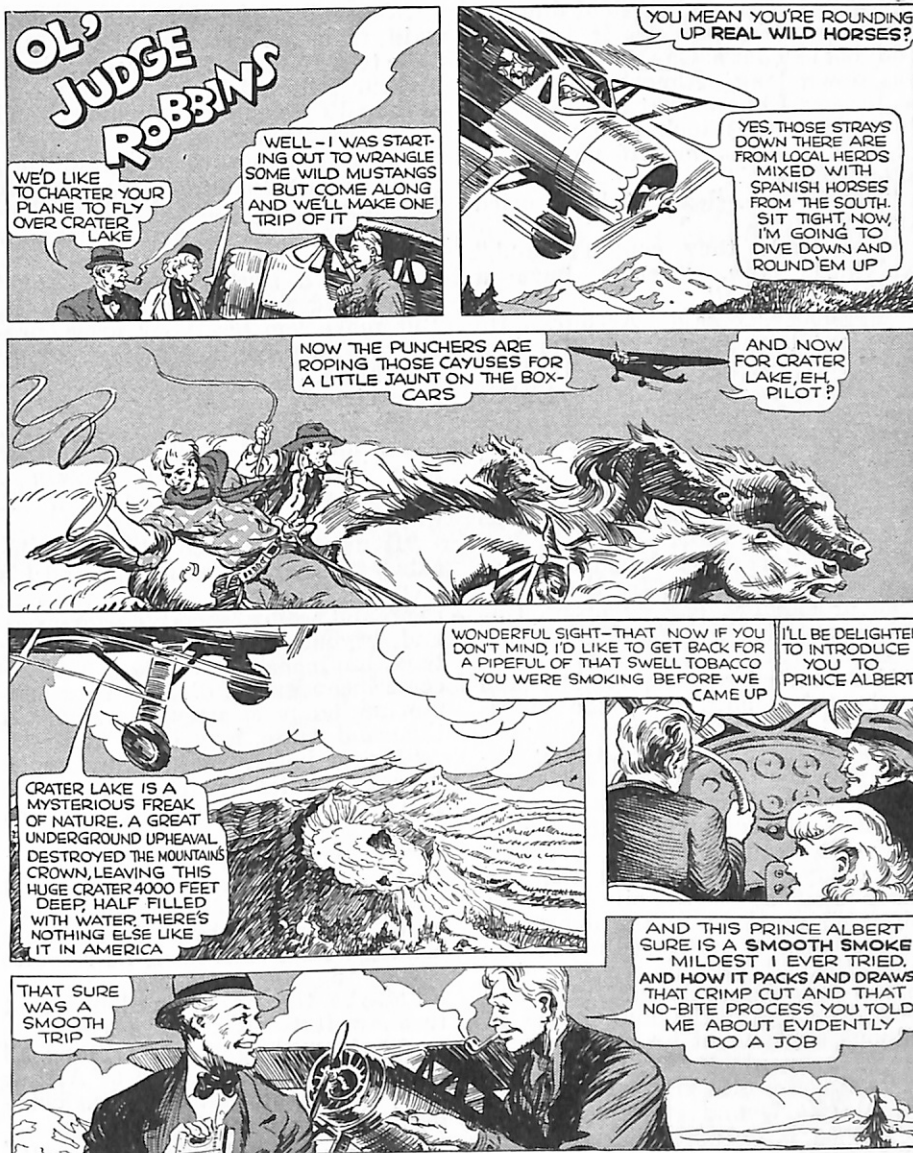
Much as Arthur wished to help he found himself relegated to the status of onlooker. To bring the diver up was a carefully timed operation. They hauled him in in a series of slow short rises, stopping completely at intervals to let him rid his lungs of the accumulation of nitrogen. At last his helmet broke the surface of the water, and they pulled him aboard. Tied to his life line was the long flexible tube of the lost instrument with the two chambers at its ends covered with strands of seaweed. Red unfastened it, and passed it over to Arthur.

"He got it," he said briefly, and then turned to assist the diver in the cabin.

Arthur settled down in the stern of the boat with the recovered instrument at his feet. A prayer of thanks welled up in his heart, thanks for the perfecting of the diving apparatus that had made this restoration possible. He looked over the water. The fishing boats were heading out to their night's work. Most of their time, he knew, would be spent in searching for fish. It was this waste of time that his invention would save. Provided, of course, it worked. Carefully, thoughtfully, he began to pick the strands of wet seaweed from the instrument. What had gone wrong with it? He would not know until he had done some further laboratory work. Then he would need a boat with nets, for the fish themselves were the ultimate answer.

The seaweed had all been picked off when Ivan came out of the cabin.

"He's doing fine," he informed Arthur. "They got him wrapped in hot blankets. It's hell when the blood begins to circulate again. They gave him a good snifter, and he's talking a little. Didn't I tell you he'd get it? That's Gar. It was in a crevice of the rocks. And the invention's okay, professor. The fish are there are all right. But they're dead fish. It's the inshore dumping. Them packers should of knowed what was under the water inside the bell buoy.



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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

altation had drained away, leaving him somewhat haggard. "Two hundred dollars and five years for a gift to another generation." He stared out the window. There was nothing to mark the spot where his instrument had gone down—neither bell buoy nor rock nor mooring. Only the short waves slapped by the wind, and the pelicans fishing in the dusk.

... the referee's a robber!

(Continued from page 17)

legiate football was played between Rutgers and Princeton in 1869—the referee wore ordinary business clothes, preferably old, because they might never be wearable again. Until 1887 he was the only official; then an umpire was added. A third official, head linesman, was decided on in 1894. Paul Dashiell and Carl Marshall, famous players and officials at the turn of the century, started the custom of wearing knickerbockers and a sweater when "working". The knee pants let them run faster, but they also packed a big disadvantage; the officials were often mistaken for opposing players; they had to run harder than ever to keep out of trouble.

"Tiny" Maxwell, 350 pounds on the hoof and one of the most popular officials who ever lived, was the first to dress in white. That was at a Harvard game at Cambridge, and the crowd roared its delight, kidding him unmercifully. Bill Crowley, who was working with him in that game, asked why he was wearing such clothes.

"B-because," said the huge Tiny, who stuttered, "I l-like 'em."

Shortly after the game started, a Harvard right end, Macomber, took Crowley out of a play very neatly, sending him sprawling. Tiny came up while Bill was still gasping for breath.

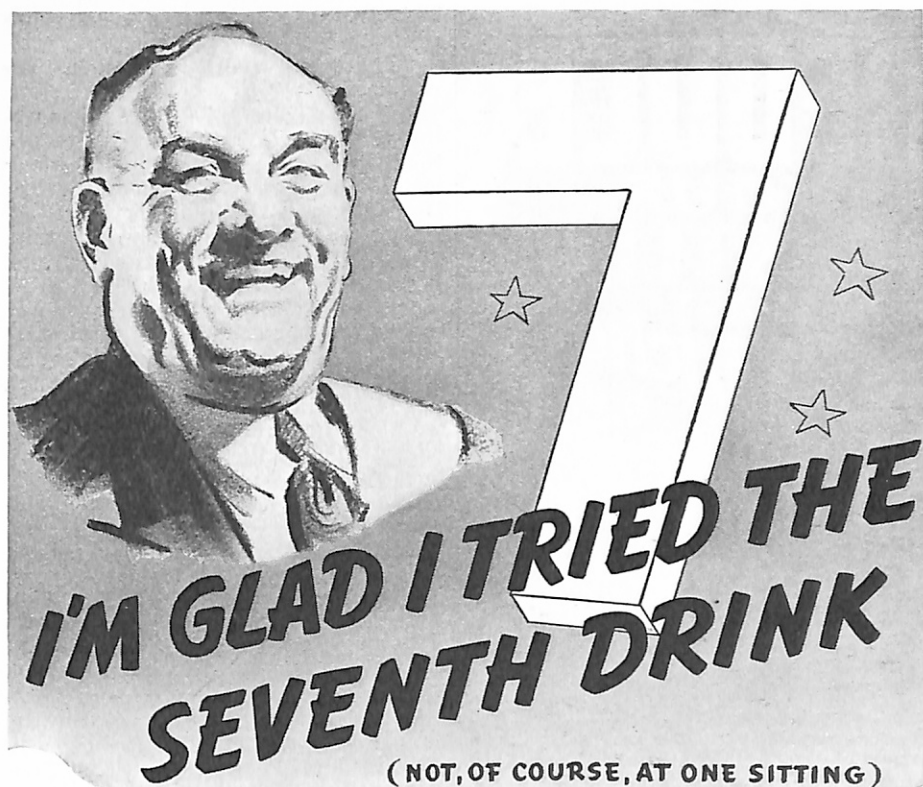
"That's why I wear w-white," he said gravely.

More stories are told about Maxwell than of any other man who ever shrilled a referee's whistle.

In one famous preparatory school game a captain rushed up to protest a decision, ending a string of abuse with the familiar yip, "You're a robber!"

"Y-young man," Tiny said sternly, pointing to the sidelines, "y-you j-just go over to that bench and s-sit down. Your m-mother wouldn't want to have you associating with r-robbers."

Once when he was refereeing a Pittsburgh-West Virginia game he announced it was West Virginia's ball after a fumble—a glaring error.



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The Pittsburgh captain came running up.

"That's our ball!" he yelled. "We recovered it!"

"J-just a minute," Tiny said soothingly, "j-just a minute! We've got to keep c-cool and c-calm and c-collected out here. We'll a-all be lost if you g-get the officials excited!" He glared at the astonished captain. "As I j-just said a m-moment ago, it's P-Pittsburgh's b-ball!"

Ordinarily, of course, for a referee to change his decision is fatal. He has to know the complicated rules of football almost literally by heart, have their interpretation clearly fixed in his mind, make immediate decisions, stick to them, and be right an overwhelming proportion of times.

Formerly, coaches and managers of rival teams got together and agreed on officials. It often took a lot of wrangling. One year the Army-Navy dispute over officials ran from January until into October.

In 1928 a more definite method of selecting officials came into general use. Then the various college associations in different parts of the country—Southern Conference, Big Ten, Middle West, Pacific Coast Conference, and Eastern Association—began the appointment of regular commissioners whose duty it was to make up lists of approved officials. After the list had been okayed by the different colleges and coaches, the commissioner could select from it officials for any game. Each college group now has fifty or more names on its "A" list, available for big games, and as many more on a "B" list for less important contests.

Besides this, officials have their own associations. The Eastern Association of Intercollegiate Football Officials, for example, dates back to 1922. It has chapters in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Syracuse, New York and Boston, with from twenty to forty members in each chapter. During the football season weekly meetings are held, to discuss the problems presented in different games. For membership in the Association applicants must have officiated in at least half a dozen intercollegiate games during the immediately preceding two years. They also have to pass a stiff examination on the rules.

The big catch is here: how is an outsider to break in?

UNDER the present system, the answer lies with the commissioner. Unfortunately, in altogether too many instances, the commissioner's time is largely taken up with his regular business or other activities, and football gets only what is left over. Although there is a definite effort to see that ten percent, or more, of the eligible lists are made up of newcomers each year, there is not nearly enough in the way of systematized competition for positions. Too much is left to chance. Of the thousands of football players who graduate

from college every June, most of those who would make the best officials are lost to the game entirely.

Few football spectators realize that not infrequently every one of the white-clad officials down there on the field was in his day a greater athlete than any of the moleskin headliners now carrying the ball. Walter Eckersall, popular referee in the Middle West, was one of the greatest quarterbacks, at Chicago, of all time. Dave Maginnes was an All-American halfback when he played for Lehigh; his brother, Al, played in the line. Bill Hollenbeck was one of the most famous fullbacks who ever went to Pennsylvania. Vic Kennard was the most precise and noted drop-kicker ever developed at Harvard. Ray Barbuti, besides playing in the backfield at Syracuse, became an Olympic Champion, one of the greatest quarter-milers who ever lived. And so on, and so on, indefinitely.

There's reason enough for their being athletes! Entirely aside from the likelihood of injuries, the work of a football official is often as strenuous as that of a player. The referee, in particular, has to pile onto the ball at the earliest possible moment after every play. He chases along after every end run. He dashes after the ball on each forward pass. On punts, he sprints down the field with the ends. He has no substitutes. By rights he should be able to out-last and out-sprint any man on either team. The umpire, playing behind the defense, is always in danger of being knocked over or trampled on.

"Working" a big game is so tough a job that a long list of officials, approaching middle age and failing to keep in top condition, have died, either during the game, between the halves, or immediately afterwards, as a result of their over-exertion. In the East alone there have been three such deaths during the last four years. They have received little attention in the papers, because the football limelight is focused always, not on the officials, but on the players. Last year, in tardy recognition of the fact that football officials should be in excellent condition, most of the college associations passed rules requiring strict physical examinations.

For you and for me, touchdowns, goals and long runs supply the most dramatic features of the game. But for the officials, these things are of small consequence. Their attention is on whether or not the players keep inside the rules. Interference on a forward pass may furnish the most dramatic moment of the struggle. Scores mean little.

After a well fought Princeton-Rutgers game last fall, one of the officials remarked, "Well, those Rutgers boys put up a great fight. They certainly deserve a lot of credit for holding Princeton to a tie." The fact that Princeton had made two scores in quick succession at the very

end of the game, winning by a good margin, made so little impression on him that he still thought of the score as a tie.

To a greater extent than almost any other group of men, football officials have in their hands the betterment of the gridiron game. This works out in three ways:

Through decisions on questions not covered by the rules.

Through the application and interpretation of rules already formulated.

Through recommending new rules that will improve the game, or pressing for the abolishment of existing rules that are not working out well.

An odd illustration of the first point occurred in 1902, when the Carlisle Indians from Pennsylvania, coached by Pop Warner, played Harvard at Cambridge. After the Harvard kick-off the Indians bunched around the receiver and stuffed the football under the back of his sweater. Then they spread out and sprinted for the Harvard goal, arms swinging, apparently nobody carrying the pigskin. They crossed the goal-line and claimed a touchdown before the bewildered Harvard players could locate the ball.

Well, they were Indians. The touchdown was allowed. There was nothing in the rules against it. But next year such plays were outlawed.

Incidentally, Warner tried a variation of the same idea in 1908. That year each of the Indians had an oval leather imitation of a football sewed on his sweater, so that they all seemed to be carrying the ball!

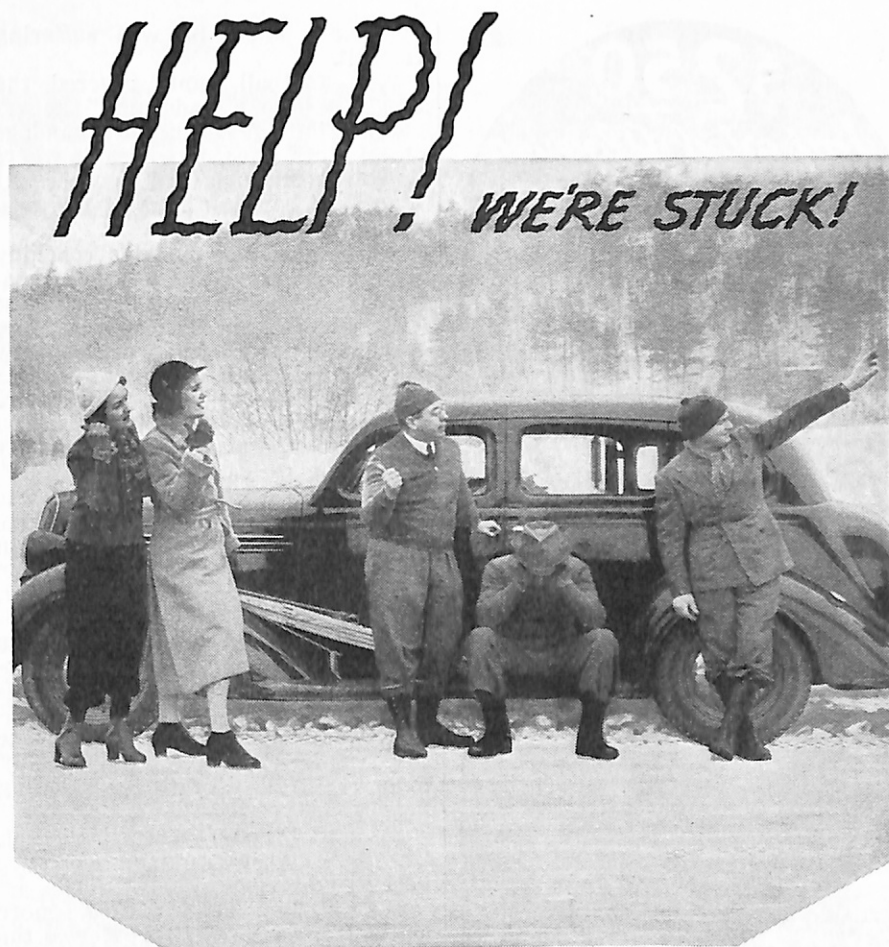
But the stunt didn't get as far as a decision. Percy Houghton, then in his first year as head coach at Cambridge, was told of the sweaters by his scouts. He went to Warner before the game.

"I don't want you to use those sweaters with footballs on them," he said.

"Well," Warner is reported to have answered, "we're planning to use 'em anyway. There's nothing in the rules against it."

"I thought you might feel that way about it," Houghton said, "so we've had some footballs specially prepared. One is painted white, one is red and one is blue. There's nothing in the rules against that either. If you use the sweaters, we'll use the footballs." So the sweaters weren't used.

It is in the interpretation of rules that the work of football officials has been most effective. Sports writers, coaches and officials themselves are agreed that football is far cleaner and more sportsmanlike today than it was thirty years or more ago. In 1900 and 1905 it was a regular practice to gang up on the opposing captain or star player to boost him from the game into the hospital. A former "Big Three" lineman tells of playing through an entire half with a badly injured knee, in spite of the fact that his



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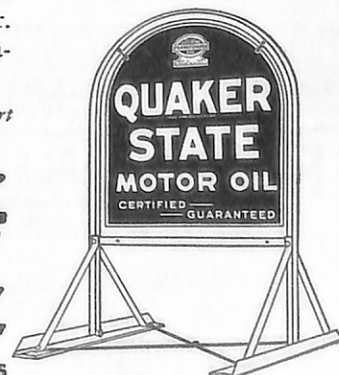
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opponents knew he was suffering from it.

"My football pants covered the bandage on my bad knee," he explains, "but the coach put a bandage on my good knee, too, outside where it would show. That fooled 'em! They kept banging away at my good knee!"

This same player, later coaching Holy Cross, answered a Yale remonstrance about his team's roughness—the faces of the Yale players were said to be more badly marked by Holy Cross than during any other game that season—with, "Well, we're a little team playing a big one. You wouldn't expect us to pass up any advantage we can get, would you?"

A very different attitude was shown by the late Knute Rockne, perhaps the greatest of all American coaches, in the twenties. Between the halves of a game at West Point, Major Charles Daly, former All-American quarterback who was then coaching the Army, came up and protested because Ed Thorpe, the referee, and Harry Costello, the umpire, weren't penalizing Notre Dame for coming into play too quickly after a shift. "Rock" was standing nearby.

"Don't worry any more about that, Charlie," he said. "You won't be bothered by it next half."

He told his players to take more time after each shift. It slowed the Notre Dame team down, and gave up a definite advantage which was at least so nearly legal that the officials had inflicted no penalties.

In the intense competition of present intercollegiate football, higher standards of coaching unquestionably furnish one of the reasons for the improvement in football ethics. More candidates for coaching jobs, more importance attached to the position, better pay, have resulted by and large in the higher-calibre personnel. But a far greater influence on the game has been exerted by the officials.

Bill Crowley, for example, is credited with initiating the present interpretation of the "straight-arm" rule. He imposed a fifteen-yard penalty on Fordham for unnecessary roughness when the runner, in using the straight-arm to ward off a tackler, inflicted a heavy blow. The player came to him in some bewilderment, wanting to know what he had done that was wrong.

"If you swing your arm like that," Crowley explained, "you're striking a blow."

"But that's the way we've been coached to use the straight-arm!"

"Can't help it," Crowley said. "I'll call a penalty on you every time you do it. You can't use the straight-arm to strike a blow."

After the game the coach came to him and argued the point, but finally admitted that Crowley was right. Gradually his interpretation of what can, and cannot, be done with a straight-arm came to be generally accepted, and much more "unneces-

sary roughness" went out of the game.

In the same way Crowley objected, in a game between Harvard and the University of Florida, to the way in which the Crimson players swung their hands as they went into play, injuring the southern linemen's faces. The Harvard players had heavy bandages on their hands, so that they could use them almost like clubs. Before the game was over Crowley had penalized Harvard 90 yards for unnecessary roughness and 75 more for "illegal use of hands". He also threw one player out of the game, and finally called in a doctor and insisted on having the unnecessary bandages cut from the Harvard players' hands.

The Harvard coach was indignant. "You'll never put a foot on this field again!" he told Crowley. "You're finished!"

But the Rules Committee backed the referee up. They sent a slip to all colleges of the Intercollegiate Association interpreting the use of hands as Crowley did. Away went a chance for so much more "unnecessary roughness."

At one time or another nearly every prominent official has been assured he'll "never set foot on this field again" when he insisted on an unpopular ruling. It has happened to Crowley six different times, yet he has refereed the Army-Navy game for seventeen consecutive years.

Some years ago there was a lot of interference with players who signalled for a "fair catch". A regular epidemic of it. It was as if coaches and players everywhere were trying to see how much they could get away with. Then the officials began slapping heavy penalties on this particular offense and it began to diminish. Today it is practically unheard of; tacklers are coached, as a mere matter of course, that they must in no way touch or interfere with a player who has signalled for a fair catch.

A player on one big university team was found to have a hinged metal plate on an injured knee. Although the injury was genuine, the plate could be used as a terrible weapon. The referee made him take it off. In another instance several men on one of the most famous teams in the country, after two opposing players had been knocked unconscious, were found to have metal bars in their shoulder pads. In a Mississippi Valley game, a player with one arm in a plaster cast, from wrist to elbow, used it to knock out an opposing lineman.

It takes plenty of courage to enforce an unpopular decision. For most rooters, any official who chalks up a serious penalty against their team is a downright criminal.

In one Harvard-Yale game, half a dozen years ago, Harvard tried for a score with a long forward pass across the goal line. Albie Booth, playing a fine defensive game for Yale, dashed into the end zone, saw

the ball coming over his shoulder, and braced for an interception. The Harvard receiver for whom the pass was intended knocked Booth aside and made the catch himself for what looked like a Harvard score. The field judge, also in the end zone watching the play, made no signal for any rule violation.

"I couldn't get a clear view of just what happened," he said. Yet there were only three men—receiver, Booth and the field judge himself—in the end zone at the time.

The referee picked up the ball, carried it back down the field and gave it to Harvard again—15 yards farther from the Yale goal than it was before. By refusing to allow the Harvard score after a good advance and a fine play, he changed the outcome of the game. You can imagine how the Crimson stands took such a ruling!

But the referee was right. It was a clear case of interference. Even the Harvard coach, Eddie Casey, admitted it freely. Under the circumstances the field judge had just lacked the courage to call it.

Besides courage, good officials must have tact. Although the referee's power is absolute, he must never act like a dictator. Players are quick to resent tyranny. So are coaches, and even the other officials.

In one Army-Syracuse game, some years back, the referee made several arbitrary decisions. He brushed aside the remonstrances of the Syracuse captain. Each time the Syracuse players became more bitter. They felt they weren't getting a square deal; they couldn't get a hearing. Finally one of the Syracuse men walked up to the referee, deliberately knocked him down with a hard hook to the jaw, and walked off the field.

After the game the referee made a flaming protest. He demanded that Syracuse should be blacklisted by the officials' association.

Official sentiment favored drastic action, but an investigation was made first. The captain of the Syracuse team came to New York to state his side of the case. Officials who had worked in other games with the bitterly offended referee came forward with other instances of high-handed action that had been resented. Instead of Syracuse University's being blacklisted, it was in the end the referee himself who was eased back into obscurity.

An instance of the third way in which officials help the game—through suggestions for new rules or the abolition of old ones—is found in the present regulation against crawling.

It was noticed that a lot of injuries occurred after the runner was down, while he was trying to gain another foot or two for his team after being thrown. It gave too great an opportunity for the opposing players to crash down on him. Albie Booth of Yale was injured in this way in a game with Army. He

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was thrown after catching a punt, tried to get up and was crashed to the ground by two more Army men. Al Marsters of Dartmouth was injured similarly when he was trying to make a little extra distance.

The football officials recommended to the Rules Committee that a ball should be declared down as soon as it had stopped moving forward. The Committee worked out the necessary amendment. Away went one more avenue for serious injuries.

A lot of rule infringement by players is entirely unintentional. Few players are well acquainted with the rules. This surprising fact may be partially because the rules have become so complicated. Too complicated.

During the last year or two this state of affairs has been more widely recognized, and the emphasis is at last beginning to swing the other way around, toward simplification.

Yet there are always some violations that are—well, let's say "excitedly deliberate." When Dave Maginnes called a penalty for forward pass interference in a Navy game against Southern Methodist four years ago, the Annapolis man explained to him after the game, "Well, coach gave me holy hell for lettin' 'em complete passes on me in the first half."

Anything would be better than another such calling-down from coach!

The difference between the attitude of coaches and officials is obvi-

ous. Coaches are strongly partisan. They want their teams to win. Naturally. Their prestige, their salaries, depend on the success of their teams. In the same way graduate managers, who have come to have more and more influence since the game went into its Big Business phases, are strongly biased. Like the coaches, they have their own interest, the immediate interest of their team and college, in view—rather than any particular interest in football itself. Alumni, and, of course, undergraduate rooters, are more partisan still.

But the officials care very little about who wins the game. For the most part they care very little about the fifty or a hundred dollars that they receive for their services. The majority of them have already succeeded in their business or professional careers; football is their hobby. They love the game. They look forward to the three or four months each fall when, for a number of weekends, they can again feel the turf of the gridiron beneath their feet, hear the roars of the crowd thundering in their ears, sniff the odors of sweat and liniment in the dressing-rooms. They don't care whether Minnesota has the best team in the country, or Princeton or Pittsburgh or Alabama or the University of Washington. They want to see the game itself survive and improve, and become more and more popular.

Needle in the Hay

(Continued from page 21)

Joe just grinned. "This is the man," he breathed in a relieved kind of voice. "I wish you'd send someone down to his room and get the leather bag he stole from me. It's smooth cowhide and has . . ."

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "Can you give me some proof that this is the man?"

"Well," observed Joe reflectively. "He's got on my pants. Look on the lining under the watch pocket. See if it doesn't say 'H28'? That's what I am to my cleaner at home."

One of the boys took a look and found it—H28, in indelible ink. I rubbed my chin. Still pretty thin, but my curiosity was getting the best of me. "Couple of you boys take the address and frisk this redhead's room. Bring back anything of interest and the cowhide bag—if you find it."

The bird began to bellow about his rights and asked for a mouthpiece. "Shut up," I barked, "and you, Joe, spill your story from the beginning."

All this time Joe's face hadn't changed expression. Talk about your little tin Buddhas!

"I got the idea," Joe began, "after the funeral, when I found my pants gone. This guy didn't take the coat so I figured he must have legs about

like mine but his shoulders must be broader. Then he took all my good ties except the red ones. The only reason I could dope out was that he must be redheaded."

"Go on, Sherlock," I snapped.

"That's about all, except how I got the gambling idea. He spent some time playing with an old roulette outfit I had at home . . . just for fun, I guess. The dust was all stirred up where he warped the wheel so he could control where it stopped."

"So you haunted all the gambling houses and picked up the first big redhead guy you saw." I felt a little awed.

"Not the first," Joe said.

Just then the boys came in. "Picked up a neat set of keys and jimmies," the sergeant reported, "and here's the bag."

Joe fished around in the lining of the bag for a minute and brought out money—greenbacks in big denominations, and lots of them.

The redheaded guy's eyes popped. "God!" he burst out, "and I missed that."

Joe glared at him. "Ma left this money to the Cedar Springs Old People's Home, and no damn redheaded burglar is going to cheat her last will."

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 23)

periences of the wife of a United States Senator who wants to preserve her romance against the many obstacles that come with political power. (Farrar & Rinehart) . . . Ann Bridge's new book, "Enchanter's Nightshade," rests heavily on Italian ways, for it tells the story of emotional clashes in a large family that meets in an ancestral home in the Italian lake country. A story chiefly about women who break conventions and those who don't, it may have a strong appeal for those who enjoy marital complications on foreign soil—in fiction. The author wrote "Pekin Picnic". (Little, Brown & Co.) . . . "Swift Waters," by Christine Whiting Parmenter, whose stories have a charm for many readers, deals with the lives of two married women in the little New England town of Delano: Judith Alexander, who married the doctor, and Jane Delano, who married a man who used to think a lot of Judith. (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.) . . . Warwick Deeping is one of the most industrious of British novelists; his "The Woman at the Door" is the story of emotional combat, "a brave

and tender tale of two against the world". (Alfred A. Knopf) . . . Francis Brett Young, like Compton Mackenzie, always writes a competent and well-rounded tale of English life. In "They Seek a Country" he carries his English adventurer, John Oakley, to South Africa. The story begins in the 1830's, with the hard tasks of that day, poaching, assizes, a convict ship south, and life on the cattle farms. Lisbeth, the Dutch girl, becomes his companion in his romantic adventure. A historical novel with considerable meat in it, and, not to be overlooked, type that is easy to read. (Reynal & Hitchcock)

THE ABBE CHILDREN RESENT HOLLYWOOD

NO, the Abbe children are not going to make moving pictures. You remember them, perhaps—Patience, Richard and Johnny Abbe, who appeared in "I, Patience" in the Atlantic Monthly, and later in the amusing book called "Around the World in Eleven Years." They went to Hollywood, but they are not actors. Just normal children, cut-ups some-

times, who can't become dandified. You can read all about their trip and also about Hollywood in their new book, "Of All Places!" in which they speak out about authors with false teeth and false smiles, pesky agents, up-stage secretaries and the small-fry who follow the big fish around.

Maybe Hollywood is not wholly to blame for rejecting the youngsters. When they were taken to the impresario at Universal for a try-out, he asked, "Do you like to act?" They said, "No." And then, say the children, "we went home." It seemed the only thing to do.

They visited all the stars and made friends with Jack Oakie, Shirley Temple, Marion Davies and numerous others. They met successes and "failures". Among the latter was a cynical 11-year-old kid actor, who was angry because he played only "bit-parts," and was looked down upon because his name was never starred. He had made \$20,000, but what's that. They enjoyed Shirley Temple, a most polite child. Shirley said she didn't mind the fuss people made over her, she was used to it, adding that maybe if they didn't fuss over



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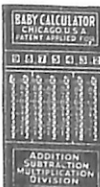
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her she would miss it. Although the Abbes seem to be airing considerable resentment in this book, their picture of Hollywood is not altogether out of focus. I should consider this book useful to give to youngsters who are movie-struck, who know nothing of the unreal world in which child actors live. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

IN BRIEF

Eugene Lyons went to Moscow as a newspaper correspondent in 1928 and put in six years watching the birth of the new Russia. He was sympathetic to the working man, but soon discovered that in Russia the common people were pushed around ruthlessly by the inside clique that controls things and has an army of spies and retainers. His autobiography, "Assignment in Utopia," throws light on the horrible treatment of the people who have no influence, the torture of those supposed to have hoarded gold, and the consolidation of power by the Stalin crowd. Mr. Lyons now believes that "movements for economic change are worthless, even dangerous, as soon as they throw off respect for life, for liberty, for justice." This book of 658 pages is an eye-opener. (Harcourt, Brace)

For a number of years all new translations of the Bible made in the United States seem to have come from Protestants. But as early as 1901, a Dominican priest, Father F. A. Spencer, published a new translation of the four gospels, and by 1913 he had completed the New Testament. Today, twenty-four years after his death, his book, "The New Testament" is being published with the approval of the Roman Catholic Church. Members of that church will be surprised to find how differently the text phrases the famous lines of Scripture. (Macmillan Co.)

MIND READING IN PSYCHOLOGY CLASSES

There is going to be all sorts of talk about communicating across the ether without anything stronger than thoughts, just because J. B. Rhine, a psychologist at Duke University, has published the results of his experiments in "New Frontiers of the Mind." But Dr. Rhine himself does not encourage the belief that man can communicate with the spirit world, or that he can do more than appears in the experiments. I don't hold with telepathy or clairvoyance; table-rappers don't affect my peace of mind and I can walk straight past a whole boardwalk of fortune tellers at Atlantic City without the slightest curiosity about taking a long journey and meeting a lady with dark eyes. Dr. Rhine's telepathy interests me because he is so scientific and so modest. Never have I read an account of experiments in which the investigator made so few boasts and so many reservations. In trying to determine whether one mind can send influences to another mind, Dr. Rhine made use of cards. If these cards were properly called by persons sitting apart and unable to see them, the results were tabulated. According to mathematical tables coincidence, accident and guessing have a definite proportion to the number of cards used. But when cards are identified oftener there must be another reason. So what? The psychologists are trying to prove that it's thought transference. "New Frontiers of the Mind" explains it, a bit scientifically. You must be a patient reader to stay with it, but if you do, you will know what a hard job it is to prove a simple suspicion, while mediums in dark rooms will put you in touch with Napoleon without any trouble. (Farrar & Rinehart)

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

the Calif. Bay District, were present to confer with the Grand Exalted Ruler. The meeting was a splendid one. Among those in attendance were C. Fenton Nichols, San Francisco, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland; John J. Lermen, San Francisco, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Edgar W. Dale, Richmond, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Calif. State Elks Assn.; E.R. Homer F. Potter, San Francisco; Exalted Rulers of San Mateo, Vallejo, Berkeley, Alameda, San Rafael, Oakland, Santa Rosa, Napa, Petaluma and Eureka Lodges, Past District Deputies, and many Lodge officers and members.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hart laid his three-fold program before the California State Elks Association, meeting in Pasadena September 23-24-25 for its annual convention. (An account of the convention proper will appear in an early issue of *The Elks Magazine*.) Mr. Hart declared that the Order, through its self-perpetuating nature, could be a permanently effective agency for the salvation of democracy. During his stay he spoke to several thousands of Elks and citizens at various meetings and social functions. Five hundred attended the meeting at Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 which he addressed. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party attended the spectacular pageant and circus, held in the Pasadena Rose Bowl and open to the pub-

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lic, at which 30,000 people were present. On the program were the finals in the band, drill team and bugle corps contests, music by massed bands, a fireworks display and many other features.

MR. HART was received with Grand Lodge honors when he made his appearance before the Association officers, delegates and other Elks assembled for the convention. He was escorted into the Pasadena Lodge room by State Sergeant-at-Arms Lloyd Leedom of Long Beach and the Drill Team of Pasadena Lodge No. 672. A short speech of welcome was made by State Pres. L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, a present member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Also seated on the rostrum were Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott, San Francisco, and Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles.

Southern California, Nevada and Arizona were represented in the Grand Exalted Ruler's Regional Conference with his District Deputies. Those present were D.D.'s R. J. Asbury, Riverside, Calif., South; James O. Reavis, Bakersfield, Calif., E. Cent.; J. A. Greenelsh, San Luis Obispo, Calif., W. Cent.; George D. Hastings, Glendale, Calif., South Cent.; Henry M. Beard, Douglas, Ariz., South.; Kenneth W. Davidson, Kingman, Ariz., North; A. W. Ham, Las Vegas, Nev.; Mr. Shannon, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Lewis; C. Fenton Nichols, San Francisco, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, who is now President of the Association for 1937-38; E.R. Clifford M. Winchell, Pasadena, and many members of the Order. Mr. Hart was the principal speaker at the Convention Banquet, and occupied the place of honor at the Past Presidents' Breakfast. This is an annual event at the Association's State meetings. Three groups are seated at three tables, with the Past Presidents, the new State President and visiting Elk dignitaries at the first, State Vice-Presidents, Trustees and District Deputies at the second and Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and other Lodge officers at the third.

WHEREVER he went during his visit to the convention, the Grand Exalted Ruler found himself surrounded by crowds of his fellow members. He had been escorted from San Francisco by hundreds of delegates and convention visitors from northern California, and hundreds more paid him homage whether at business meetings or social gatherings. Appellate Judge Marshall F. McComb, P.E.R., and a present member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge, and Municipal Judge Benjamin J. Scheinman, Exalted Ruler, headed the Los Angeles Elks who received and entertained him, while the officers and committees of Pasadena,

the host Lodge, carried out to perfection the lavish program that had been planned by the Lodge long before for the entire period of his visitation.

Mr. Hart was the guest of Dallas, Texas, Lodge, No. 71, on Thursday, September 30. He was entertained at a breakfast and was the honor guest at the District Deputies Luncheon, both affairs being held at the Hotel Adolphus. In his speeches in Dallas the Grand Exalted Ruler laid great emphasis on the evils of Communism and Fascism. At the regional conference which he held with the District Deputies of Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas and many other of the leading Elks of Texas, he presented helpful plans for the carrying out of his policies and the work of the Order.

The District Deputies attending the meeting and social affairs were as follows: Texas: North, J. B. Heister, Ranger; East, J. A. Bergfeld, Tyler; South, Harry A. Nass, San Antonio; West, Hugh V. Tull, Jr., Plainview; Arkansas: A. L. Justin, Little Rock; Oklahoma: West, W. S. McAtee, Oklahoma City; East, George F. Miller, McAlester. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge William Hawley Atwell, P.E.R. of Dallas Lodge; Grand Chaplain the Rev. J. B. Dobbins, Temple, Tex.; George M. McLean, El Reno, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Past State Pres.'s George W. Loudermilk, E.R., Dallas Lodge, and John D. Carter, Fort Worth; State Trustee Louis S. Samuels, Houston; State Vice-Pres. John C. Carothers, Ranger; P.D.D. W. W. Short, Houston, and Secy. H. H. Williams and P.E.R. Otto Lang, Dallas, were among those attending the business meeting and social affairs. A large number of Texas Lodges were represented by their Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and members.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Hart, stopped at Tucson, Ariz., on September 27 and was met at the train by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather, Exalted Ruler E. A. Towle, with the officers and a large delegation from Tucson Lodge No. 385, and a number of civic leaders. Here Mr. Hart met many of his friends and the stop took on an informality that made it most enjoyable. His address was broadcast over Station KGAR, and J. J. O'Dowd, a member of the Board of Directors of the local Chamber of Commerce, also spoke briefly. While time did not allow for a visit to the Arizona Elks Hospital in Tucson, Mr. Hart expressed his hope for the recovery of patients there as well as at the Veterans' Hospital. During his stay Grand Exalted Ruler Hart enjoyed an added pleasure when he sponsored for membership in the Order a former associate in the publishing business, William H. Johnson, publisher of *The Daily Citizen*, a local newspaper.

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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

Contests conducted included the largest golf tournament ever held by the Association, with 70 entrants playing for the prizes and a cup given by the State Commissioner of Insurance; the band contest won by Walla Walla Lodge No. 287, and the trap shoot in which valuable prizes were awarded. The Ritualistic Contests had been completed during the year, with the officers of Bellingham Lodge No. 194 gaining the championship. In order that the members of the State Association could hear the members of the Team in action, a class was initiated after which a cup was awarded them for their work during the year. "How can I Best Serve the United States?" was the subject chosen for the oratorical contest conducted by the Americanization Committee who introduced the seven high school students who made their speeches on the rostrum. Cups were presented to the three winners. Miss Sylvia Karjalainen, a winner this year of the Grand Lodge Scholarship of \$300, was the guest of honor. The Antlers of Port Angeles, "Naval," Lodge, No. 353, gave an athletic exhibition of tumbling.

It was decided to hold the 1938 Annual Meeting at Kelso. The mid-winter sessions, which have been held on the second Sunday in January, have been so successful that they have been increased to two or three day affairs. Centralia Lodge No. 1083 will act as host at the next session, to take place January 8-9.

The three business sessions were well attended. Two of the most enthusiastic were the meetings of the officers of the Lodges, presided over by E. R. P. F. Berg of Ballard Lodge, and of the Secretaries with Past Pres. Secord, Secy. of Kelso Lodge, presiding. The Lodges of the State showed a heavy gain in membership during the past year. The new officers of the Association are as follows: Pres., H. Sanford Saari, Port Townsend; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. V. N. Christianson, Longview; 2nd Vice-Pres., Glenn Becker, Wenatchee; 3rd Vice-Pres., George C. Newell, Seattle; Secy., Louis B. Romine, Walla Walla; Treas., G. Ed. Rothweiler, Bellingham; Trustees: Chairman, Barney Antic, Ballard; 2-year terms: Wash., East, Joseph Chamberlain, Walla Walla; Wash., N. W., Dr. Charles D. Hester, Everett; Wash., S. W., Mannie Weinberg, Centralia.

Kentucky

The three-day convention of the Kentucky State Elks Association, held at Owensboro, closed on June 1 with the annual banquet which was one of the largest functions of the kind ever held at a State meeting. Making his official visit to the Association and accompanied by Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., was David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Fla., who was just finishing

his term as Grand Exalted Ruler. Both Mr. Sholtz and Judge Warner participated in the day's business session and spoke at the banquet.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, with Judge Warner acting as Chaplain, installed the new officers who are as follows: Pres., William Sellmeyer, Covington; 1st Vice-Pres., Frank L. Strange, Bowling Green; 2nd Vice-Pres., Gus T. Apt, Lexington; 3rd Vice-Pres., Charles Riglesberger, Paducah; Secy.-Treas., Richard H. Slack, Owensboro; Trustees: La Vega Clements, Owensboro, Henry E. Curtis, Lexington, and Carroll Morrow, Madisonville. The Association will meet next year at Mid-dlesboro. The retiring President, Arnold Westermann, Louisville, now Grand Tiler, announced that every Lodge in the State had joined the Association. His report also included a statement of plans for the coming campaign of the Kentucky State Elks for the eradication of tuberculosis and of the money that had been raised for its inauguration.

Wisconsin

During the business sessions of the 35th Annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association at Madison, August 26-27-28, the Association voted unanimously for the establishment of a children's camp in each of the 37 Lodge cities of the State as a part of its 1937-38 program. Measures were taken for the financing of increased activity in its scholarship work. It was announced that the Association had pledged \$11,400 to the Elks National Foundation.

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart was the guest of honor and the principal speaker at the meeting. An account of his special activities appeared in *The Elks Magazine* last month.

At the business session on the 28th, Gov. P. F. La Follette made a fine patriotic talk. Election of officers resulted in the choice of Arthur J. Geniesse, of Green Bay, who had been serving as State Trustee since 1933, as President. The other officers are: Vice-Pres.-at-Large, (re-elected) Frank T. Lynde, Antigo; District Vice-Pres.'s: N.E., Dr. C. O. Fillinger, Marinette, (re-elected); N.W., Earl R. Ross, Hudson; South, Bert A. Thompson, Kenosha; Secy., Lou Uecker, Two Rivers, (re-elected); Treas., Fred A. Schroeder, Wausau, (re-elected); Trustees: (re-elected) E. W. Mackey, Manitowoc, William F. Schad, Milwaukee, and Ray C. Dwyer, La Crosse; Trustees: (newly elected) Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers, and Thomas F. McDona-ld, Marshfield. The 130 delegates voted to hold the 1938 Convention at La Crosse. About 100 Elks attended the Past Presidents banquet held on the 26th. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Brough-

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ton, Sheboygan, was Toastmaster. Judge Clayton Van Pelt, Fond du Lac, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and Chairman of the State Scholarship Committee, was Toastmaster at the banquet given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Hart's speech climaxed a program which included the announcement of the prize winners in the ritualistic and Elks State essay contests. Baraboo Lodge No. 688 won first honors with Platteville Lodge No. 1460 second. Philip Desch, Madison, and Barbara Spear, Wyocena, who represented Portage Lodge No. 675, won first and second prizes respectively in the essay contest. Retiring President R. W. Mills, Fond du Lac, Past Pres. Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers, and E.R. William F. Ehmann of Madison Lodge No. 410 spoke at the banquet. Congratulations were showered upon Madison Lodge for the efficient manner in which it handled the convention, one of the best ever held by the Wisconsin Association. Harold K. Meyers was General Convention Chairman. A sightseeing tour and a bridge luncheon were among the entertainment features arranged for the ladies by a local committee headed by Mrs. Ehmann, wife of Exalted Ruler Ehmann.



Your Dog

(Continued from page 22)

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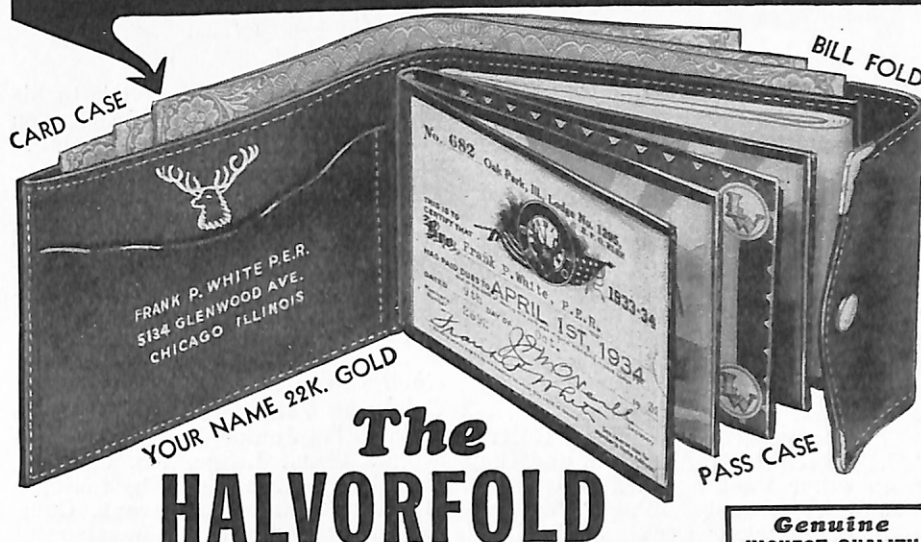
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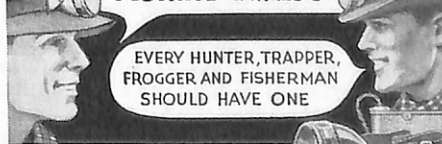
CONGRESS recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** unless every member immediately notifies **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Watertown, Mass., Lodge Celebrates its 12th Anniversary

With a dignity and solemnity befitting the occasion, Watertown, Mass., Lodge, No. 1513, celebrated the 12th anniversary of its institution, the evening being designated as Charter Night. In the initiation of the "Charter Night Class," the ritualistic work of the officers, headed by E.R. Edward R. Dickhaut, was marked by accuracy and a sincerity which won for them high praise from all present.

The Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, P.D.D. Bernard S. McHugh, and the seven other Past Exalted Rulers in attendance, namely, John P. Walsh, John B. Peaslee, Frank J. LaBell, John J. Stanton, Frank A. Fitzpatrick, Thomas P. Morley and Nicolas V. Martinolich, made brief but agreeable talks. P.D.D. John F. McGann, Somerville, who instituted Watertown Lodge on August 12, 1925, delivered a stirring address, and John Gordon, Exalted Ruler at that time of Newton Lodge, who initiated the Watertown charter members, related incidents of earlier days. D.D. Michael H. O'Connor of Waltham Lodge, State Pres. William B. Jackson, Brookline, and many members of Lodges of the Massachusetts Central District, were present.

Picnic Grounds Owned by Jackson, Tenn., Lodge Scene of Elks' Outing

The Elks of Jackson, Tenn., own a nine-acre grove about eight miles out of the city which they used to good advantage when Jackson Lodge, No. 192, held its annual picnic and barbecue. The grounds are ideal for such affairs, being shady, with sheltered barbecue pits and an artesian well. D.D. Robert D. Conger, Chairman of the Outing Committee announced later that it was the most successful ever held. The older members were honor guests of the occasion. Gates were opened at 2 P.M. During the afternoon games were played, cold drinks served and good fellowship enjoyed informally. At five o'clock the barbecue was served.

Acting on the committee with Mr. Conger were P.E.R. Charles Hanebuth, Sr., and Est. Lect. Knight Charles Thompson. Clarence A. Noel was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. Secy. J. E. Barber handled the reservations. Jackson Lodge has a membership of the highest type and is in excellent condition.

P.E.R. F. G. Swedenburg, Ashland, Ore., Lodge, Dies in Sweden

Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944, lost one of the Exalted Rulers of its early days when P.E.R. F. G. Swedenburg

passed away while on a visit to his old home in Gothenburg, Sweden, on July 31. His wife and two daughters were with him when the end came.

Mr. Swedenburg was born in Gothenburg in 1867. He became a member of Ashland Lodge on April 18, 1908, and always took a keen interest in the affairs of the Lodge. He assisted materially in the construction of the Lodge Home.

Chattanooga Elks Junior Band Celebrates Birthday with Havana Trip

The Elks Junior Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, celebrated its 14th birthday by taking a trip last summer to Havana, Cuba. The majority of the 200 members of the party were Chattanooga Elks and members of the Band. The others were local citizens.

Following its annual custom of visiting different parts of the United States or nearby countries, the organization made plans as early as last Fall for the trip. The special train of three Pullmans, three day coaches, baggage car and two dining cars, made the run to Tampa in scheduled time. Here the party was met by representatives of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, and by Mayor R. E. L. Chancey representing the city officially. The steamer *Cuba* was boarded at Port Tampa and with a night run to Key West, where a short stop was made, arrived at Havana to be received by representatives of the national and city governments. The Municipal Band of Havana was at the pier as the ship docked to greet the visitors with both United States and Cuban national airs. The splendid manner in which the Elks Junior Band responded was the signal for a storm of applause, and later received formal recognition in all the local newspapers.

Escorted to points of interest by various government officials, the party spent four enjoyable days in Havana. The Mayor of the city, Dr. Antonio Beruff Mendieta, who formally received the travelers, assisted in entertaining, and saw that many courtesies were shown them.

Two Local Students Receive Honors At Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge

The importance of education and advancement of youth was emphasized by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, in an address before a large audience at Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198. Mr. Grakelow's speech preceded his official presentation of a \$600 cash award to Edmund Weinheimer, winner of second place in the Elks National Foundation Trustees Scholarship Contest and a special prize,

given by the Parkersburg Elks, to Miss Mary Sue Devol who missed third place in the national contest by a narrow margin.

Mr. Grakelow was introduced by E.R. Ralph Jones who presided.

Valdosta, Ga., Elks Give a Housewarming in Their New Home

At a real old-fashioned housewarming held by Valdosta, Ga., Lodge, No. 728, proud members showed admiring guests through their new Home. A comparatively short time before, a number of the members had formed a corporation and bought an old colonial mansion shaded by beautiful live oak trees and surrounded by large grounds. It is only two blocks from the heart of the city and will be made into a civic center. The sum of \$2,000 has been spent on improvements in converting the residence into a suitable Lodge meeting place.

The Welcoming Committee was headed by Burt Glisson, Chairman of the House Committee, and included E.R. J. C. Hunt, Secy. Marion Curry, Mayor James D. Ashley and W. H. Holcomb. The celebration attracted a large crowd and many distinguished Elks came from neighboring Lodges to offer their congratulations and enjoy the Lodge's hospitality. Among those present were Judge John S. McClelland, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, State Pres. Charles G. Bruce and State Secy.—Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, all of Atlanta Lodge; D.D. T. L. Moss, Jr., Columbus; State Vice-Pres. Sam Monroe, Waycross, and Father James E. King, P.E.R. of Athens Lodge.

Atlanta, Ga., Elks Make Pledge to Aid Grady Hospital

At a regular meeting of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, on August 19, the membership pledged to supply blood for the Grady Hospital's new depository to be installed two weeks from that date. The proposal of S. D. Gallaher that the Lodge assume sponsorship of the hospital's blood reserve was adopted unanimously. Mr. Gallaher was made Chairman of the committee appointed to work out details with J. B. Franklin, Superintendent of the local hospital. Frank R. Fling, Clerk of the Fulton County Commission, and J. Clayton Burke, Secretary of Atlanta Lodge, are members of the committee. Delay in finding the right type of donor is frequently a cause of detriment to the patient, and members of the Lodge are resolved to aid the hospital in keeping in its refrigerated depository enough blood, of the several types in demand, for twenty or thirty transfusions.

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it's open

TWIST! *it's closed*



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Blades Changed in 3 Seconds!



The new Sheraton, priced at 98¢, in attractive traveling case with 5 Gillette Blades.

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MEN, here is the greatest forward step in shaving convenience since the invention of the safety razor. The amazing new *one-piece* Gillette Sheraton saves time and trouble. You can change blades in three seconds! There are no loose parts to fumble. Simply turn the handle—and the head opens. Another twist—and it's closed, ready for use.

Outstanding Value

Never before has a razor of this type sold for less than \$4. Yet now you can get the Sheraton in an attractive traveling case with five blades for only 98¢. Scientifically designed to hold

Gillette blades in perfect alignment—this ingenious razor gives you the world's cleanest, quickest shaves. Sturdily built—heavily gold plated—it's guaranteed to last a lifetime!

Get Yours Now!

The Sheraton is the greatest razor value ever offered. At 98¢—a price everyone can easily afford—millions of men will want it! But production is definitely limited. So avoid delay and disappointment by seeing your Gillette dealer now. If he does not yet have the one-piece Gillette Sheraton in stock, urge him to order for you at once.

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Millions have given Camels the severest test—they have smoked them steadily. And have learned to trust those finer tobaccos to give them more of the pleasure they want in smoking. If you are not a Camel smoker, try them. See if you, too, don't agree with those who find more enjoyment in *Camel's costlier tobaccos*.

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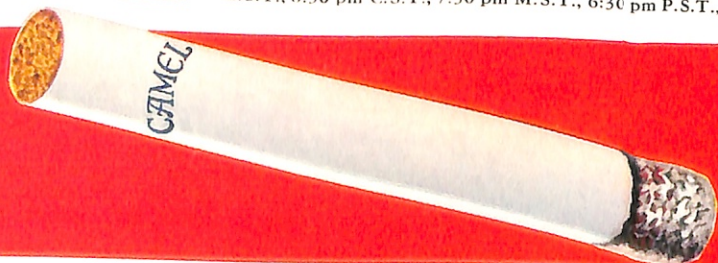
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